

the Monster Times

Hold on to your heads, fans, Buddy Weiss is about to take you through Hemisphere Pictures' House of Horror and on into the darkest heart of Blood Island, where you will find yourself face-to-face with the MAD DOCTOR OF BLOOD ISLAND and his cohort the BEAST OF BLOOD! And these are only two of a slew of Hemisphere's Blood Series.



antics. Picture will be getting around to the BRAIN OF BLOOD and BRIDES OF BLOOD in the next two installments of this thoroughly chilling three-parter. The flicks, incidentally, were produced and directed by Eddie Romero and shot in the Philippines, where the action might almost have actually happened. So, without further delay, let us venture forth to discover the EVILS OF BLOOD ISLAND . . . we don't want to miss a single drop!



Hemisphere's
BEAST OF BLOOD
is determined
to get a head
in the world . . .

even if it
ain't his own!
the BEAST'S
scintillating story
unfolds on
page 22 . . .
enjoy!

Man... hunted... caged... forced to mate by civilized apes!

This is Commander Tayler. Astronaut. He landed in a world where apes are the civilized rulers and man the beast.

This is Marcus. Head of security police. His specialty: violence and torture.

This is Nova. The wild human animal captured and selected for special mating purposes.

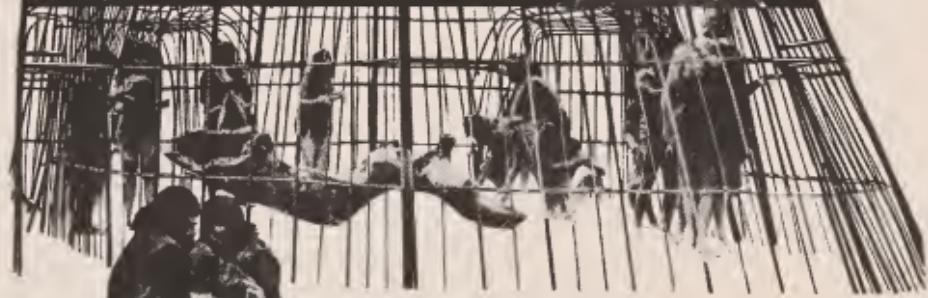
This is Dr. Zaius. Brilliant scientist. Only he has the power to save or destroy the animal called man.



BY ALLAN ASHERMAN

PLANET OF THE APES

Caged to provide amusement for cruel Gorilla keepers, his human mate selected by a bullet through the throat, Commander Tayler learned the lesson: Never to be on the wrong side of the evolutionary fence.



Ever go to the zoo to watch the animals? Sure, you have—everyone has at one time or another. Now, suppose the situation was reversed? Then how would you like it? Huh? Suppose YOU were in the cage and the animals were watching YOU. Impossible, you say? Why would the animals want to watch you, you say? Huh? That's what George Taylor thought. Taylor was an astronaut, spinning through space and proving man's superiority over the animals. But one day things changed for old Taylor. One day he awoke to find himself in a cage... with a gaggle of APES watching HIM! Now that was an ape of a different color. How did it all come about? Read on and find out...



Commander Taylor and his fellow astronauts, Dodge (Jeff Sterrett) and Landis (Robert Goulet) paddle to shore but not to safety in early moments from *PLANET OF THE APES*.

The needle-deck ship glided through the nothingness of outer space and sped Taylor and his crew toward the goal of their mission. But it would take years of travelling at sub-light speeds to complete their journey, and the warp drive was still not sufficiently perfected for use outside of the lab. It was a nuisance and a waste of time, but unpermitted animation still had to be used, there were no other alternatives. Hibernation, deep-sleep, cut cold for months at a time. Years at a time. Taylor was the last to step into his hibernaculum, after supervising the others and making sure all was well with the autonomous life-support systems.

He lifted the glass lid of his capsule, stepped in and started the freeze-cycle. He saw the glass close up, and as his own vision started to fade out he pictured the vehicle flashing intensity between the stars. A sleeper ship. Sleeping, drifting...

It seemed like only a moment later when the jolt came. Something was happening, and from the gages inside his capsule Taylor could see that something was wrong. Everything was off-scale, a mad rushing into... what? One of the warp of space, he thought as he freed himself and revived his two friends Dodge and Landis.

A wind storm where there was no wind, a hurricane where there was no pressure or movement of matter. A something out of nothing. Taylor thought, as he stepped near the special capsule where the pregnant female awoke in the service unit slept peacefully. He looked down at her face, and saw...

...A dried, withered momma! A dead caricature of a shriveled human with long hair and sagging uniform. Taylor turned and gawked, nauseated. He had known her at the Academy of Astronautics. Now she was dead! ... of what? What could have caused it? Think, Taylor, think! The air must have leaked from her hibernaculum, has only faster-than-light speeds over a prolonged time could make someone witness that, like he'd been there for hundreds of years. Hundreds?

Taylor ran to the ship's large chronometer. Stopped. The gauge all frozen everywhere. No way to determine how far they'd gone, for how long, or in what direction. They were lost, they were doomed, never to return unless they could do something quickly!

STAR WRECK?

They'd have to do something, for suddenly the ship started to vibrate. Delicate parts were smashed. Nerves flicked in the walls, floors shifted under their feet. They were caught in the atmosphere of an unknown planet. Caught had. A horn-up would be the only possible result, unless...

The wings... gliding wings! Only the control surfaces worked, they could soar down into the air without any real damage. Maybe. Just maybe they would

of sun. Looked something like Death Valley, where they had trained for a time on Earth. But where were they now? No idea! They were alive, and that was most important to them now. Time for worrying about other things later.

Later proved to be very soon, Dodge saw H first. A circle formation of cross-sticks with clothes. A *sovereign! Life!* But what kind of creatures? Wasn't

kind of life? They talked and passed, and decided to find out. So they climbed from the hot canyon, over the peaks and found themselves in the Garden of Eden. They bathed in a small lake, fed by a large waterfall. They put their clothes on the branches and forgot all about civilization both human and non-human. For a time they had fun, and their guard was down. They did not hear the



A grim warning comes in the person (2) of Marnie, Weather-inhabited Head of Security Police, as she taunts the tide-tossed trio as they paddle towards terror from measure of the rough reception in store for them.

line! Taylor struggled against the building pressure and the terrible heat.

They were through the clouds. Sharp peaks dashed at them, trees and more trees and plains and a lake straight below. If only he could get to the lake, maybe it would absorb most of the force of the crash. It would have to be a crash... the engines were completely gone, now.

A sickening stop and a sharp jolt backwards. They were in the water, and it leaked into the cracked shell of their vessel. They would sink, soon, and drown. From space to water and death. Got to move. Get the life-raft out, and the survival gear. Radios and food and clothing and spare batteries. But on time... no time.

They had to leave her in the ship, and hope they could breathe the air, if there was any air. Then they were in the rubber boat, paddling to shore like refugees from a flood with their last belongings strapped to their backs. Taylor turned to see the blackened hell of his ship, rocking grimly in the shallow water.

They were in a dry, arid region, with sharp rock peaks and tall cliffs and a lot

shredded by a bullet through the throat, the gapped Taylor is splashed away by rugged pair of simian hands.

waking of feet, nor see their tattered bodies being stolen by quick fingers and ravenous beings. Roaming men and women, fast and primitive, clad in rags made from the trees and vines of this world.

ATTACK OF THE ANGRY APES!

Their clothes gone, they dressed in the sheets and rags left behind by whatever had stuck off with their uniforms. Through the thin woods they could see what looked like cornfields. Men, women and kids played, no and cooed like the wild, untamed things. They started forward, but the noise stopped them. Horses, it sounded like, galloping toward them. Beings on horses with nets and guns, chasing the primitives. Herding them, shooting and maiming and trampling them all. It was like some nightmare, and they were caught up in it, as the dark horsemen started toward them, too. Then Taylor looked up and stared wide-eyed at the riders above him. Monkey! No... Ape! Apes riding horses and holding rifles and yelling orders.

Even so, Taylor is looking
than his mates, Dodge and Landis,
as he is taken alive
to there a macaques prison cell
with Marnie, the pretty primitive.





George Taylor breathes easier when he finds he's able to strike up useful conversation with sympathetic women Corinne (Mandy McDonald) and Zira (Kim Hunter) who help the desperate human formidables a plan of escape.

Apes! Taylor gasped and clutched at his throat. He had been shot! He slipped backward over the top of a small cage and fell, and as he landed he was caught in a net. The apes led him to a pole and bundled him off to a cage filled with other captive people. He chattered at the bars and saw death. Men and women hanging by their wrists, by their feet, being photographed with their captors and lookers like they were some kind of gaudy trophies. The dead were piled atop each other and burned or buried in mass

grief, and hope they weren't part of the huge pile of dead back at the cornfields.

Turning, Taylor noticed the dark-eyed girl who'd also been thrown into his cage. They were both terrified, and mutually suspicious. But they were both prisoners. The girl realized immediately that the man beside her was certainly not one of her people. Intrigued, she moved closer. Taylor, feeling pity for her people, smiled gently to her. By the time the cage reached its destination, the two trusted each other completely.

The destination was a town of Apes... looking like some twisted architect's grisly dream. There were no squares or circles, just crooked, clashing shapes connected by catwalks and bridges, separated by erratic moats and streets. Even the windows were irregularly shaped, and the whole place suggested the fact that the apes were once tree-climbers.

Their secrets were still on horseback, still with rifles, and now Apes were everywhere... whole families of them watching the wagons coming into town, the children looking as if they were seeing a carnival freak show.

They were led from the wagon, still bound, to some sort of dark complex of buildings that looked as if they were built half underground. The place was cold and dark, with the stench of waste and death. And then Taylor saw what sort of building he was in. Bars and small rooms and larger rooms for whole groups of... animals? No... for people. A zoo for human beings! He struggled, and a large gorilla, clad in a black leather suit, came from the shadows behind him and clubbed him almost senseless. The dark-eyed girl screamed, and together they were pushed into a large cage. Through blundered eyes, Taylor could see the gorilla... smiling? Yes. A mocking smile, a leer through the furred mouth that held a cigar. And then he slept from desperation and weariness and the pain in his throat.

He awoke to feel cold water washing over his mangled body. Water under pressure. Dirty water that tasted of silk and mud, directed by a gorilla guard. Was it the same one? They all looked alike to him... but they they probably thought

the same of human-beings. He was slowly beginning to reverse the roles of humans and animals in his bewildered mind. They were hoisting him, as human guards did to caged animals back on Earth! He grabbed at the bars and tried to reach at the gorilla, and snarled as he tried to scream obscenities at the fat Ape. Off to one side he was being watched by a young couple of... What were they, chimp? Yes... Chimps on two legs with human eyes and voices, with finely tailored outfits and boots and uniforms. But these two had something more in their eyes: pity and sympathy. He was being looked upon as a human being for the first time by the strange inhabitants of this cruel world.

Taylor, meanwhile, had named the dark-eyed girl "Nova," and developed quite a protective interest in her. His fear for Nova proved to be justified, as he learned just why the Chimps were showing pity for them. All at once the door to their cage was forced opened, and strong Gorilla-hands were taking Taylor and Nova down a dark corridor. They were led in a small room with two rough wooden beds. They were strapped down, and through enraged eyes Taylor could see the Chimps. They were clad in spandex and gloves, stained with old dried blood. There were knives and scalpels scattered around the room, and in one corner the grisly remains of what had once been... living men and women. Another shock in his nightmare... they were in a biology lab about to be dissected. Taylor tried to scream, but still couldn't make a sound. He started his neck to look at Nova, strapped to the table next to him. She didn't know what was going to happen to them, but was terrified because Taylor was. She screamed the scream he couldn't let escape from his wounded throat. But soon the scream, his wounds, the whole answer to this crazy riddle of where they were would no longer matter. They were no longer needed. They were no longer needed.

APE GOT YOUR TONGUE?

The two Chimps, Cornelius and Zira, realized the apparatus, when suddenly Zira, the wife of Dr. Cornelius, started to argue... in perfect English, and now for the first time Taylor realized these Apes were all speaking English! He could tell them off in his own tongue with all the curses he could master, and they would

Continued on page 29



Taylor's attempted jailbreak meets with little success as club-wielding apes take off in hot pursuit. Despite his heavy combat boots, fleet-footed gorilla catches up to the rag-clad Commander as they square off in brutal battle.

graves. The living were dragged off to... what? Taylor, struck speechless by the bullet, tried to yell to the beasts, but no sound came from his mouth. He felt no sound come from his mouth. He felt the cage-wagon start across the rough ground, and started to think about what this could all mean, where he was and what would happen to his friends and himself. What of his friends? They had all been separated, and Taylor could only

Taylor found himself pitted against a strong and formidable foe... a mate possessing the intelligence of a man and the brute strength of an Ape.

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CONAN

THE BARBARIAN

by Michael Uslan

A LOOK AT
MARVEL
COMICS
GROUP'S
BRASH
BARBARIAN

Guess you
never knew there
were Olympians
in Conan's day.
Here the Conan
practices the
javelin throw,
but he lost
to a Russian
from Moscow.

The trend for the super-hero in comic books is thundering to a halt. Readers are searching for something more basic. So let's take the super-hero and strip him of his costume. We'll make him bleed when wounded, give him a sword, and set his adventures in mythological worlds of ritual magic and hand-to-hand combat. Instead of tongue-in-cheek action with a mad scientist or inter-dimensional imp, really spice up them stories by pitting the hero against the most stately spawns of Hell. Add a dash of good, crisp violence, obvious sexuality, and good old bloodlust, crown our creation with superb artwork and descriptive imagery and... voila! we enter the comic book arena of *Sword and Sorcery* led by Robert E. Howard's CONAN THE BARBARIAN.

"Fatty Ho, my Crave!"
belches Conan as he and
Jenine ride off into
the sunset on the back of
an advanced and a little off
string the Comics
Code doesn't allow.

CONAN in comic book form is the raw gut fighting sequences laced with the gothic overtones of Black Magic. His adventures take place some 10 to 20,000 years ago, shortly after the continent of Atlantis sank into the seas. The world teeters on the brink of chaos, the forces of mankind compete with the forces of magic for possession of the earth. With CONAN representing Man, the action is always inherently savage. The cover of issue number one, October 1970, offered the reader a glimpse of the battles to come.

And how have those multicosmic battles been handled? Well...

Barry Smith's detailed and powerful artwork time after time reflects all the power of intergalactic combat, yet maintains smooth sophistication. A masterly "art nouveau" effect in comic.

As a man, CONAN is clearly a barbarian, exhibiting base emotions that would have made any school-teacher's hair stand on end. CONAN is a champion of himself, with the skill of a thief and a desire for riches. Occasionally, CONAN emerges from the self-interested shell that

Here's the Cleverness hero doing his "Peeping Conan" routine on an unfeeling Jenine. He later throws her into a meat locker, fully clothed as hell!



surrounds him to offer his assistance to some damsels in distress. More often than not, this has brought him the same kind of trouble SUPERMAN would run into with Lois Lane 20,000 years later. CONAN's passions bring him little satisfaction but many dangers. In Marvel's unintentionally one-shot, black and white

magazine, **SAVAGE TALES** (May 1971), CONAN lusts for a snow nymph who entices him into a chase through the icebergs. As he finally catches the naked beauty, her brothers, the ice giants, unsheathe swords and we for CONAN's head. In a fierce and bloody clash, the barbarian slays the giants and turns to the not-so-naive nymph, who is rescued just in the nick of time by the power of "Ymir," the frost king.

Trace the changing looks of CONAN since issue number one. He is purposely being aged slowly by the artist and writer in order to show adventures from his youth as a thief, from his years as a soldier, to his eventual rise to kingship. The progression will take some time, as by the fifteenth issue he just begins to go a soldiering. He's lost his lean, youthful physique, he's become more muscular with each succeeding issue.

There has been a dazzling array of wild females gracing the pages. CONAN has met



Conan was always great with a horse. The fact that poor Jezus fell off, and apparently got speared doesn't seem to bother him now. He wasn't confused, you know!



We copied these panels from MARVELMAGNA No. 4. They were done for Conan No. 1 but never made it. It's nice art, but we really think Conan should do something about those unsightly book wrinkles he exhibits in the third panel.

goddesses, sorcerer's daughters, enchantresses, nymphs, and even female thieves. These beauties have been featured on covers with CONAN nearly as many times as his sword has been. Their intent in journeying with him on adventures varies. Some are evil and out to steal his gold, or simply kill him. Others love him. A few are pawns of demons, mystic shamans, or magicians—the "magic" lot who are enemies of the savage human. Most notable of his women, the sultry seducing vixen of the Devil City of Shadizar . . . Jemna. Several times CONAN "has had" with this wench 'till she has been carried off by flying monsters. Everything from a giant bat to a human condor have tried their best to separate the two, yet only Jemna has the ability to conquer the might of her hero who in his just and mighty turn has conquered all of the flying creatures. Being viciously greedy, Jemna continually betrays him for gold. CONAN triumphs, however, in issue eleven (November 1971) when he pitches her off the roof of a building. Now, if only SUPERMAN will be up to that nebbish Lois Lane . . .

This sword and sorcery trend, returning the hero to such rugged basics as **BEOWULF** (Conan's literary great-grandfather), seems to be successful. Already, Marvel has been producing (very eratically due to production problems) another great Robert E. Howard heroic guy, Atlantean period hero, "King Kull." Latest word has it that he will once again be featured in his own comic book. **GULLIVAR JONES**, **WARRIOR OF MARS**, a new Marvel rendition of the Edwin L. Arnold series, currently appearing in **CREATURES ON THE LOOSE**, but also soon to be given its own book. Other upcoming sword and sorcery comix will be



another Robert E. Howard adaptation—**SOLOMON KANE**, a necromancy-fighting Puritan. In a similar vein is Marvel's jungle hero, "Ka-Zar" who resides in **ASTONISHING TALES**.

Word even echoes through Fandom that Stan Lee and Co. will be further expanding this trend with a comic book version of **BEOWULF**.

Conan takes a brutal swipe at this slithering snake headed serpent. The ASPCA didn't dig this panel too much, in fact Conan was fined three gold pieces.



DC's Nightmaster by Denny O'Neil and Bern Wrightson, was an interesting hero with a good concept, but was unable to catch on. As the super-heroes have all centered around SUPERMAN, the new wave of comic books around TARZAN and CONAN, CONAN in particular, provides entertainment on many levels, and can be appreciated for its stark action on a simplistic level or for its very fine visual and scripted artistry on an intellectual level. Its financial successes will hopefully pave the way for more books of the Robert E. Howard spirit, as CONAN proves false the old adage, "Crom does not pay!"

MORE OF MR. HOWARD

Hey, kiddies... dig Robert E. Howard's CONAN! If you do, then the Mighty Men at Marvel have a surprise for you. Coming up in the first or second issue of **CHAMBER OF CHILLS** is a new adaptation of "The Thing On The Roof," which Howard did for his book **DARK MAN**.

The eight-page comic story is adapted by Roy Thomas (the self-same man who writes CONAN and KULL) and is drawn by free-wheeling (formerly "far-out") Frank Brunner. Frank tells us that it's a real beauty, so watch for it on your newsstands. That's an order!



No. 1, Collector's Edition (Kong, Etc.), \$2. Monstrous pretenders, man, costuming, the making of the movie of King Kong. **MONSTER RATINGS**, DER GOLEM. Also, THE GHOULS, art by Berni Wrightson and Gray Morrow, a review of THINGS TO COME and a special treatment of Dark Roger.



No. 2, STAR TREK, Special, \$2. A special dedicated to all things of STAR TREK, The Star Trek Gogs, The ENTERPRISE'S greatest missions, an interview with Capt. Kirk, and the first ever STAR TREK convention, and a special parody, STAR YECCH! See! Trek Lovin'!



The Monster Times BACK ISSUE DEPARTMENT



No. 4, BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN, \$1. A good review of THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN, reviews of THE PULP, comic books, GREEN LANTERN-GENE ARROW, and E.G., movie, TALES FROM THE CRYPT. Plus the ten greatest horror flicks of 1971, a GRACULA game cover, and Jeff Jensen comic art in color.



No. 5, CREATURE, \$1. Auto-biography and memoirs of the one and only CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON. Also, an interview with Ray Harryhausen, author-artist-creator of the new TARZAN comics, reviews of the STAR TREK game, ENQUIRIES, new hip comic, ART OF COMIC COMICS, Mantis Man, Mantis Man and Roger's only horror flicks.



No. 6, ZOMBIES on Parole, \$1. A survey of all the zombies in movies, plus the movie ZOMBIES, THE NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD. A feature on zombies in the comic, a review of Berni Wrightson's RADIOTIME STORIES, and a Dan Green zombie strip. Plus, a perfectly foul review of *Concord*.



No. 7, GODZILLA, \$1. The long of the monster gets his own comic, comic book reviews, and a satirical cartoonist, The King Kong Commercial for Volkswagen, King Kong comes, the Coors Art Awards, Mantis Man, Mantis Man, the Price, DARK DOMAIN by Gray Morrow and more.



No. 8, HAMMER, \$1. All Hammer movies, Hammer! An interview with Hammer, Hammer Lee, the CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF, review HAMMER, HAMMER, DRACULA, DRACULA, Nosferatu, The Hammer Collection, The Bastes of the Beast and much more. Hammer power!



No. 9, SCI-FI Special, \$1. THIS ISLAND, EARTH, 2001, A SPACE ODYSSEY, Flash Gordon and Buck Rogers, and in the comic, a Mantis Man comic strip, with reviews, and, interestingLY THE SPACE GIANTS!



No. 10, Exclusive E.C. Comics, \$1. The Old Witches revisited in an exclusive interview, Captain's Curse, E.C. in the movies, The E.C. Horror comic book, The Spears of Dr. Morehells and an exclusive interview with Bill O'Brien and Al Fennion. And art like you wouldn't believe!

Hurry, Hurry, Hurry....!

Time is running out! That's right—back issues of THE MONSTER TIMES are rapidly becoming as rare as some of the blood types they stock in a hospice' gourmet shop. Already our first two issues are valued at \$2.00 each—and it's no wonder why. They're rare collector's items, and they're disappearing faster than a werewolf's sanity under a bright full moon. All other back issues are going

for a buck apiece . . . and going fast!

Every day more and more outside the TMT office clamoring for back issues . . . and lately we've noticed a number of them carrying ropes, buckets of tar, and buckets of feathers! So, before we run out of back issues, or they run us out of town, you'd better fill in the coupon on the right . . . do it, do it, do it!

RIGHT NOW!

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*Beware of the Night Crawlers...
their clutches will disintegrate you!*

THE NAVY VS. THE NIGHT MONSTERS

BY JOE KANE

"Beware of the Night Crawlers . . . their dutches will disintegrate you!"

So reads the poster from **THE NAVY VS. THE NIGHT MONSTERS**, a 1966 clutch at immortality by a company calling itself **REALART** Pictures. You better watch out in any case because if the Night Crawlers get a hold of you, you can bet you'll melt in their hands, not in their mouths.

Reed, whose sense of self-importance is amply demonstrated by this choice of a company name, gathered together a cast for THE NAVY VS. THE NIGHT MONSTERS that sounds like it was recruited from a Central Casting unemployment line. Marsha Van Does (of *Sexual Swap* fame), Anthony Eadey (of *Newspaper Eye* fame), Francis Mason (of *James Mason* fame), Billy Gray (of *Father Known Best* fame), Bobby Van (of *Two dancing girls* fame), and Walker Sands, Edward Fasikin and Phyllis Tamm, etc., etc.

SPINE-TINGLING SIGHTS

According to its own publicity release, THE NAVY VS. THE NIGHT MONSTERS offers such "spine-tingling sights as hideous man-eating trees, horribly maimed corpses, acid soured bands, dismembered arms and gouged-out eyes," which alone are said to be worth the price of admission. The hand-picked cast, were, Reporters copywriters insist, trying to win a part in this flick which, they probably figured would give their assorted fading careers a strong pat in one direction or another. Anthony Edley, for example, who essays the role of Lt. Charles Brown, commander of the remote

As one mushroom monster once confided to author Joe Kane: "Happiness is being too busy to notice you've been dead for several years." But, while the mushroom monsters may have breached their last in these pages, Kane hasn't... and neither have his new-found friends—The Night Monsters...

Cow Island Naval Base "spent several days at Naval bases in Long Beach and San Diego, in which he was given thorough instruction in the duties of an Administrator." Mamie Van Doren goes dramatic for the first time in this film.

The Night Monsters shared a "Raular" double-bell with WOMEN OF THE PREHISTORIC PLANET, but what we want to know is how can a fight between "savage planet WOMEN" and NEPTUNE'S FAMOUS AND FIERCELY INDEPENDENT WOMEN end in a draw? -A.G.

A black and white movie poster for 'Women of the Prehistoric Planet'. The title is written in large, stylized, jagged letters across the top left. Below the title, a woman is shown in a dynamic, running pose. The background features a large, circular, crater-like opening in the ground. The bottom right corner contains a small circular logo with the text 'Directed by RICHARD POWELL'.

IT'S THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES AS SAVAGE PLANET WOMEN ATTACK FEMALE SPACE INVADERS!!

What's a movie like FRITZ THE CAT doing in a nice paper like this? Well, you may remember (or you may not—if you wanna be that way about it) that way back in TMT No. 1 we pledged this publication to the exploration of ALL manner of fantasy, even works that do not feature so much as a single monster in them, if we feel they deserve the attention, as FRITZ THE CAT does. And, since FRITZ is X-rated, many of our readers will not get an opportunity to see this unique innovation in film animation for several years yet. Besides, contributing editor Phil Seuling served as one of the voices on the flick's soundtrack and he said we should do an article about it and he's bigger than the rest of us, so... here it is...



FRITZ IS A SOPHISTICATED, UP-TO-THE-MINUTE YOUNG FELINE COLLEGE STUDENT WHO LIVES IN A MEGA-CITY OF MILLIONS OF ANIMALS—YES, NOT UNLIKE PEOPLE, IN THEIR MANNERS AND MORALS...

Ccartoons can be loads of fun. Kids have and probably always will find them a source of total, unrestrained entertainment. Let's see now, there was Mickey, Donald, Yoshi, Bugs... EGAD! How many of these pen and brush beetles have there been? And now, in this troubled day and age, joining the honored but overcrowded ranks of animated animals comes a cat of a different color, a frisky feline with a lot on his mind (most of which is unprintable, I am speaking of none other than) himself FRITZ THE CAT. No gang, not FELIX THE CAT, but FRITZ... R. Crumb's outrageous pugnacious teeny-bopper revolutionary college student who discovers the meaning of life in his new X-rated feature movie. What? You never heard of Fritz before? Well then, read on...

Fritz is a wild wildcat wonder conceived by Mister R. Crumb (No foolin'—that's the guy's name!) who was catapulted to stardom in his creator's

FRITZ made his first public appearance in the wacky perverse paper of R. Crumb's "Head Comics," which also featured such notoriety Crumb characters as Mr. Natural, Schmeier the Human, and Pickey Foot.



imaginative project, "Head" Comics. "Head" offered many different cartoon characters, but Fritz was certainly the most appealing, possibly because his young readers identified with him. He was a hip, now, crazy character with a taste for the sweater things in life. Could be that's the reason his first flick was rated X. Oh, well...

In any event, the movie starts with Fritz and his pals desperately trying to play it cool with some Greenwich Village chicks. (To keep the records straight, the word "chick" is used in the singin' sense. To the best of the reviewer's knowledge, there were no chickens per se involved here.) Anyway, it becomes painfully obvious that these equally hip and now ladies are more interested in the cultural prospects of the local crowd. (Ahem—another note. The word "crow" is not used in the singin' sense. This is R. Crumb's humorous interpretation of the black man in our society.) The film goes on for the next half hour in much the same manner, with cat debonair on with pugnacious and cows doing their thing until, somewhere along the line, a wild party is thrown. (Fritz does the throwing... it's a private party, and it takes a couple of hair-brained cops to calm the cool cat down. The cops are—you guessed it—a pair of pigs! In all honesty, only one cop was represented as a pig in the original comic, the other being a bulldog of sorts. But, returning to our precious plotline, our hero succeeds in coping one of the cop's guns and



Two comic versions copy K-9 and Porky crash a Fritz party, but the two arrested officers of the law (pigs???) apparently have a disagreement. A real hard-boiled officer that east brings the equation to a flattening head by assassinating the nearest toilet bowl. Needless to say, Fritz is now a confirmed criminal.

After accidentally setting his college on fire, our favorite pugnacious finds himself in the heart of Hellfire when he befriends a likable crow named Duke. Fritz's outsize conquests convince once again land him in trouble-ville, and this time his new-found pal saves his hairy hide. Before long the two steal a car, which Fritz promptly smashes. (In case you haven't

guessed, Fritz is not exactly a joy to have around.) After another night of pure pleasure, this time inspired by a rather over-developed friend of Duke's, the cat decides that his crew-friends are oppressed and proceeds to scream and roar about the white damnation of black animals. This, quite naturally, results in a not-where his friend Duke is killed and Harlem (no kiddin') is bombed!!!

Our idealistic kitten, however, is unhermed and hits the road in search of new mischief. Before long he runs into

(figuratively speaking, of course) a motorcycle-sadist-cult creep who convinces Fritz to blow up a building in the name of the Revolution. Not knowing exactly what revolution he's working for and not particularly caring, the cat succeeds in blowing up his target as well as himself and is last seen in a nearby hospital, joined by his rascally lady-friends for a jaunt in bed. Well folks, that's life!

"BLOW ME DOWN"

A number of noted cartoon characters were present at the opening of **FRITZ THE CAT** and, although their opinions varied, the general feeling that prevailed was one of shock and disgrace. "I'd say 'We'll blow me down,'" remarked Pepe, not showing his thirty some-odd years in the business, "cause it sure ain't like the way we use to make 'em—mean, moleakin' smilin' an' all!" Some cartoon personalities felt differently. Felix (the cat, of course) entered the theater screaming his traditional "giggle" but left uttering a somber, more meaningful "right on!" Yogi Bear and Cindy were present. Boo-Boo, unfortunately, was under age and when asked his opinion Mr. Bear remarked, "MAN that time I wasted with that dude, Ranger Smith! Fritz is certainly smarter than this average bear!"

And, as if all this information wasn't meaningless enough, here's a **MONSTER TIMES** special-type scoop... a first

hand interview with a pig (?) and a crow (?)... read on and you'll dig what we mean.

And here's a TMT instant comparison between the animated scene in **FRITZ** and the original comic version by Robert Crumb. **Fritz** is still super-cool in both versions.



...and here's a TMT instant comparison between the animated scene in **FRITZ** and the original comic version by Robert Crumb. **Fritz** is still super-cool in both versions.

OWN YOUR OWN FRITZ T-SHIRT

In keeping with our Fritz school that all the way to decent Atlantic City to fetch a **Fritz** T-Shirt, but I still use the one I'm wearing briefly in **FRITZ** No. 10 (in the "I'm a Super Seal" panel). It cost me \$2.60 for the men's, which is not bad considering that it costs about seven bucks to buy a T-shirt adorned by a blowup of your own photo—and how many of us can claim to be in handbooks and roguish as the **FRITZ** T-shirt? (I mean **FRITZ** T-shirt, of course, not the **FRITZ** book.) As nice as it looks on her **FRITZ** T-shirt, that is, a moment of grace, she blurted, "As long as I'm wearing this, I'll never give you the shirt off my back!"

Fritz and his Ms. Green only use of **FRITZ** T-shirt, Green, is the **FRITZ** T-shirt. There's a Mr. Ronald Teller on the loose, as well as a **Keep On Trackin'** number, and all live up to the high standards set by the **FRITZ** job. The **FRITZ** shirt really caught by wadette at the **FRITZ** office, immediately, before long, we were all wearing one, and in a fit of



This is Super-Sealing

(**MT Associate Editor and comic book mastermind**) as he dons his new **FRITZ** T-shirt. **Super-Sealing** was two voices in **FRITZ THE CAT**, and now he's back in **FRITZ** as **FRITZ** reporter Clark Kent, over at the **FRITZ** Planet better watch out... we hear **Phil** is challenging **Kent** to a **smash**.

then freed to use any dialogue they desired. Such inventing as you go is called improvisation, and while it doesn't always work well, it sometimes renders spectacular results. Apparently, Phil was so impressive in his role as an officer of the law, the directors added several scenes just to accommodate him. The cop later developed into a major character in the final version.

Phil took five sessions to get everything down, but he said that he enjoyed them all. And since the improvisational method is off-the-cuff and unrehearsed, we asked Phil if, given the chance, he'd have delivered lines differently. He doubted it, but admitted that there was "no way to answer" the question, and that he could second guess himself forever. We doubted he will, though.

A side-light to the whole magilla is Phil's taking his whole theatre class to one of the recording sessions (Phil's a teacher by trade who wants to do some radio commercials). He reports that the whole class had a ball, and asked a million questions. Probably the same questions we threw at Phil as soon as we heard. Everyone loves a star!

One of the questions that always seems to pop up: What was Phil's response when he heard his movie voice? He said that it didn't bother him or impress him at all, but did admit "when the audience laughs at one of your lines, oh wow, it's really something else..."

As far as the rest of the TMT staff is concerned, Phil is still Phil, despite the hundreds of star-adoring gringos that now surround him. He's still quite human. And, then again, we occasionally have to cut the shrink for him. Seems as if every once in a while he breaks into an uncontrollable cackle. If we didn't know him better, we'd swear he's a black crow!

—Joe Bramlett

whom, we mean smash-in mass into the pages of **Greenwich Village**, for the purpose of showing off and never lived down—only to discover that everyone on the street was wearing one too! But don't worry—see, there's nothing quick enough, I mean, any one can act as original as that. The only downside is that we could chomp about the **Fritz** the **T-shirt** that is it is NOT **fringed**. We found this out by sending an **MT** employee into the **measurer**, ostensibly for the purpose of measuring up some **FRITZ** to it, but when he got there he was entirely inside, we closed the door on him for several minutes. When he emerged he was pretty much up about it—and so was the **T-shirt**. But this shouldn't effect the decision of normal people, so, if you feel you'd like to own one, by all means get yourself a **Fritz** **T-shirt**—it'll last you through all your lives.

Well Gang, I think that's about enough of this nonsense for the time being. Seriously, **FRITZ THE CAT** is a wild expense and it's a darn shame if you don't get a chance to catch it. Many kids today have never seen a fully animated cartoon (most of the new stuff on the tube is mere budgeted glue animated only in part) and this flick, animated and directed by Ralph Bakshi, is a fast-paced, colorful and truly exciting wonder. I guess the only thing youngsters can do is wait a few more years until they can get into their local theaters w/out a hassle. And, if **FRITZ** is any indication, cartoons they should be really something!



Phil Seuling's enormous larynx gave life to this law enforcement officer or "pig." While Phil's voice might have been perfect for the part, you can see that compared to Phil (in T-shirt) the cartoon cap had nothing to worry about in the looks department.

PHIL SEULING...SUPER STAR

What would you do if a long-haired, sharp featured man wearing bright, yellow dungarees walked into your office, or "pig." While Phil's voice might have been perfect for the part, you can see that compared to Phil (in T-shirt) the cartoon cap had nothing to worry about in the looks department. Phil Seuling.

Yes, boys and girls, TMT's own man-about-town, Phillip N. Seuling, is a star. A bona-fide movie idol, hero of millions! Phil cracked the gong and tumble movie scene by doing two voices for the trash movie cartoon, **FRITZ THE CAT**. Phil plays a rookie cop who's a real dummy, and a black crow who's really with it.

When we asked Phil how it felt being a screen smash, he answered "It feels nice."

Despite his caustic attitude, and although he only got a token payment, he claims it's one of his greatest roles because to think of it, as far as we know, it's his only role... . Phil has now done just about everything... headlined writer, comic book dealer, connection obtainment and now star of the silver screen. It boggles the imagination!

Phil later related how he had met the director of **FRITZ THE CAT** through a mutual friend who had invited him to a screening. As a result Phil was used in the flick, and sparked with such lines as: "I ain't no jive-turkey! What ya think I am... Gamble?"

According to our intrepid movie star, the whole entree was done without a shooting script. The scenes were drawn and animated, the voices briefed on the plot of each scene,



CARTOON & COMIC STRIP ART

BY JOE BRANCATELLI



The man with the brush is Jerry Robinson, an-artist of the whole exhibit. He drew the Batman cover shown here in 1942. The villain making time in The Joker, history's only white-faced performer... The poster was displayed in the window of the Graham Gallery. The test just happened to be passing by.

Ever been to Madison Avenue? Up where all the swank art galleries are? You know, the ones that exhibit all kinds of wonderful art from places you never heard of? Like South Pago-Pago art from 1625. Last month (April 4-29), however, the prestigious GRAHAM GALLERIES (1914 Madison Avenue) decided that the time had come to exhibit the art of the people. The art that you wrap your fish in. The art that you've taken for granted all these years, looking at it in the papers, reading on Sunday mornings. That art, the art of millions, comic art, was the subject of a two floor, 125 piece exhibition at that self-same gallery.

Although the comics looked a little out of place at the stodgy, older-than-thou gallery, it was fun finally seeing comics getting their just due. For years everyone thought of comics as great entertainment, but hardly art. It was not until the Cultural Center held a magnificent, 300 piece exhibit run by comic expert Maurice Horn that the general public began realizing that comic art was for real, and was, indeed, a legitimate fine art. Something we fass have known for years.

This particular display at GRAHAM was run by local fine comic artist Jerry Robinson. Mr. Robinson is the long-time artist on Batman in the 1940's and was credited with the invention of The Joker, one of Batman's most popular foes, and a poker-faced villain if ever we've seen one. He's also the artist on the currently running comic strips *Still Life* and *Classmates Flahs and Flahs*, and to top it off, he currently is writing a book

entitled (what else?) COMICS: AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF

This is the world famous full-off-a-white-board-and-popped out from a 1940 TERRY AND THE PIRATES.



Peter's Superman doing his patrol-meeting set for a group of native tribesmen over difficulties tanks. The story of it all...

SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS OF COMIC STRIPART. Some title, eh?

The display itself was really laid out, spacious, if not all inclusive. While the exhibit ignored many of the great artists of the time, it also managed to unearth pieces of great art long presumed lost.

The exhibit had some really nice old pieces. Some of them included in that group was LITTLE BEANS AND TIGERS by Jimmy Swemmet (the first piece of comic art) from 1897, THE YELLOW KID by Richard Outcault (the first comic strip) from 1898 and LITTLE NEMO by Winsor McCay (a highly imaginative strip that is still revered today) from 1906.

There was also plenty of humor strips included. Among them were included LIL' AHNER, PEANUTS, PEPPER, MUFF AND JEFF, KRAZY KAT (the all time greatest, currently running on TV as cartoon form and being reprinted by NEWSDAY), BLONDIE, and the hottest of the new humor strips, BROOM-HILDA (by Russell Myers). The adventure strips were also well-represented as a display including PRINCE VALIANT, FLASH GORDON, RIP KIRBY, TERRY AND

THE PIRATES, AND CAPTAIN EASY.

Specialty comics were also well-represented by pieces by artists like Richard Taylor (from NEW YORKER), Thomas Nast (who, for you history buffs, had a big part in exposing Boss Tweed and Tammany Hall), and of special interest to MT fass, Charles Adams (creator of TV's ADDAMS FAMILY), and a cartoonist whose monsters became so famous that seven books have been printed about them. And Jerry Robinson had lots of his own art there (he just happened to have it around, we're sure).

As you might expect at a posh art gallery, many of the strips were for sale. Unfortunately, the prices were so restrictive (\$500 for a PRINCE VALIANT, \$600 for a Charles Adams) that we are sure very few will be sold.

A reasonably priced catalog from the exhibit is available from the galleries for \$2.

All in all, it was a pretty neat show, a little weak on some artists that should have been represented, a little heavy on others (notably Robinson himself), but it was fun. Besides how often do you get to go to Madison Avenue and see how the sich folks live?

In the spirit of William Baring-Gould's *Sherlock Holmes of Baker St.* and Philip José Farmer's *Tarzan Lives*, The Monster Times presents:

an interview with Count Dracula

BY ROGER SINGLETON

PRELUIDE

I was on my way to a well-known midtown hotel for an appointment one rainy night in April. This was no ordinary appointment but an interview that I looked forward to with a mixture of eager anticipation and cold fear. The individual whom I was to interview was none other than Count Dracula.

Vampires exist. Count Dracula is real. There are two of my fervent convictions. Years of research and recent months of investigation had led me to believe that even more strongly. When I received a telegram instructing me to meet someone who claimed to be Dracula, naturally I was skeptical. However, I could not afford to pass up what might be a unique opportunity.

DINNER WITH DRAC

The taxi deposited me at the hotel near Central Park where I was to have dinner with the Count. A private elevator delivered me to the penthouse apartment which the Count occupied. The plush decor was striking and surprising. The textured crimson wallpaper and richly

served, sir," he said pleasantly enough. "This very please." I breathed a sigh of relief and followed him down a dimly lit corridor. There was no sign of the Count.

QUITE A CARD

Then I noticed the card on the dining table:

"Forgive me, but business has prevented me from joining you. Please enjoy your dinner and I will catch up with you soon. Your Friend, Dracula"

I must say I was not really surprised. So for I was beginning to believe this was the real thing and this seemed perfectly in character. I considered to think about his "business."

For over an hour I only picked at the dinner. I remember little about what was served. But during that time I was determined that, having started this, I would see it through regardless of the consequences.

"Lugosi had a certain old world charm, but he was certainly a far cry from the way I see myself . . ."

piled carpet was a far cry from the creepy gothic atmosphere I had anticipated. Yet, for all the luxury, there was something more frightening about this place than if it were a gothic ruin.

While I waited in the foyer for someone to greet me, I began to feel that I was being watched. The silhouette of a man appeared in the doorway in front of me and I froze in fear. He stepped into the light and proved to be an unrecognizable looking servant. "Dinner is

After dinner I was ushered into a dressing room where I waited for the better part of an hour. There was nothing that might distinguish this room as part of the vampire's lair, other than the wealth it seemed to represent. I stood before the fireplace, staring into the open flame, suddenly aware that I had never drawn up a will. Without warning a rich, resonant voice coming from behind me said, "Good evening . . . forgive me for having kept you waiting."

THE COUNT

I turned around quickly and saw someone who could have been more other than Count Dracula, my first impression confirmed me I was not the victim of a hoax. The awe-inspiring presence of the man was proof enough that he indeed was Count Dracula. "Relax my friend, you have nothing to fear. I believe we can perform a great service for each other this evening," he said in a voice tinged with a faint foreign intonation, the only clue that Dracula was not his native tongue.

Tall, lean, and elegantly dressed in black, he, the Count looked different from the way I had visualized him and somehow far more impressive than I had

which I consider unflattering. So I will answer your questions to the best of my ability." His gracious quality made it hard to believe that this continental gentleman was considered the world's greatest fiend. But I could not get over the cold, star-like grip of his handshake.

NO PHOTOS

TMT: "Shall we begin then?" I asked as I pulled out my note pad. "Why did you force me to bring a camera or a tape recorder?"

Dr. I did not forbid you; I merely suggested that you should not burden yourself with useless devices. As you should well know, I do not cast a shadow

"My lawyer told me that David Frost wanted to do 90 minutes with me, and there was some talk of a television special . . ."

thought possible. I was amazed that he looked much younger than I had ever imagined him. His hair was a lustrous black and contrasted sharply with his pale complexion. The deep-set dark eyes were highlighted by thick eyebrows. He wore a mustache which camouflaged the large upper lip that protruded slightly over the lower lip.

"I have been aware of your efforts to locate me for some time," the Count said in his charming manner. "It seemed inevitable that we should meet, so I arranged this interview. I am glad to see you took my telegram on faith and came tonight . . . I regret the impersonal means of communication, but I felt that it was the most sensible approach.

"Your persistence in searching for me has been impressive," he continued. "I hope tonight's interview will be of mutual benefit to both of us. You see, I wish to set the record straight, as you Americans would say: to change a public image

or a reflection in a mirror. Does it not follow that I will not register an image on film, video, or audio tape?"

TMT: Of course, I am now accustomed to me there isn't a mirror in your apartment and the indirect lighting makes shadows unattractive. By the way it's a lovely home you have here.

Dr. Thank you, I like it. But it is just one of many lairs I have in the metropolitan area. Though I miss the broken battements of my castle in Transylvania, my present accommodations serve my purposes quite adequately.

TMT: Count, you are a vampire; in fact

you have fangs. Are you not? Could we "drive" into the particulars of vampires?"

Oh, that word! Vampire—I prefer "undead." You have no idea what it is really like to be a member of a minority group and have labels pinned on you! Oh, very well, then . . . if you must know about my "condition," so be it.

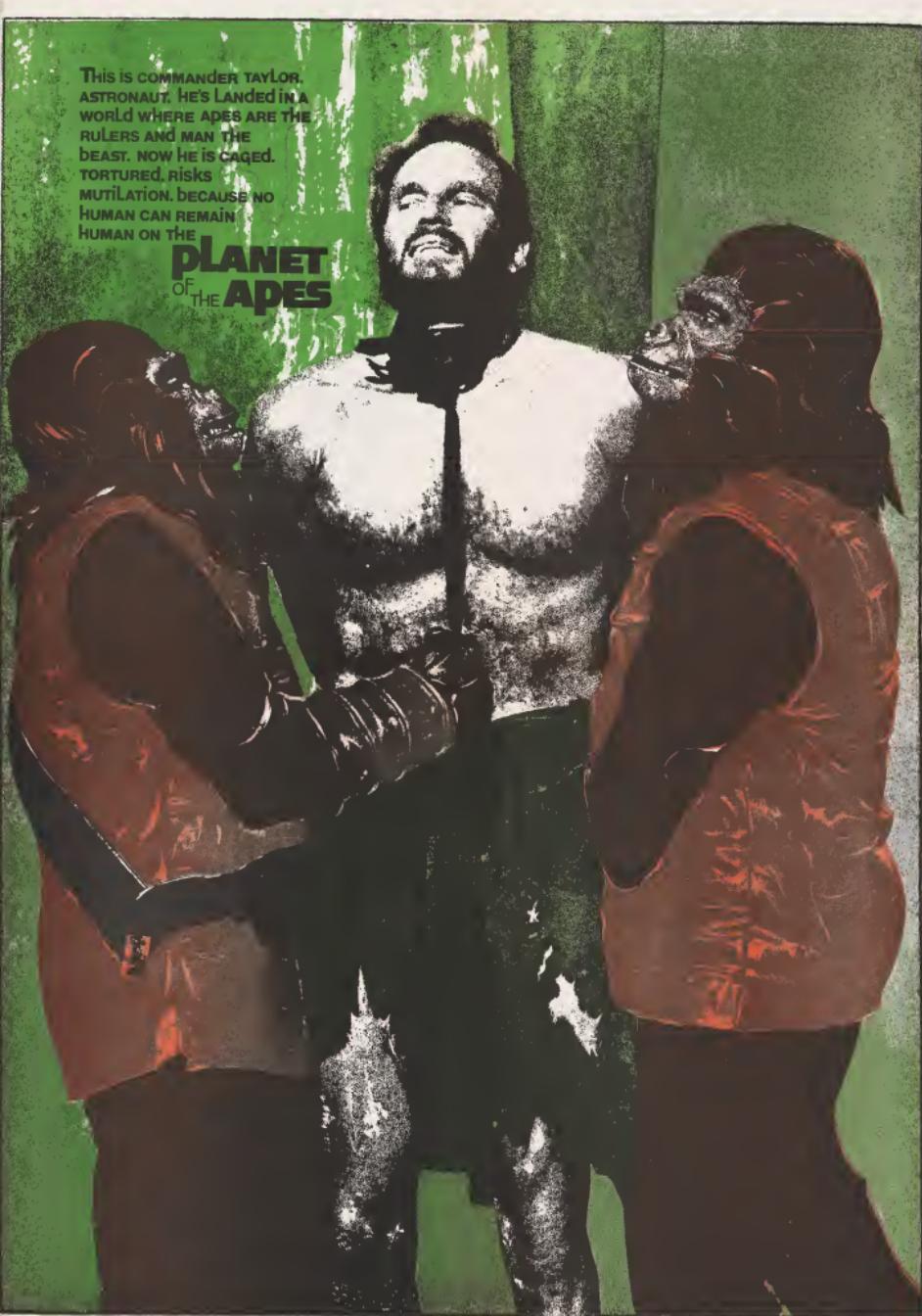
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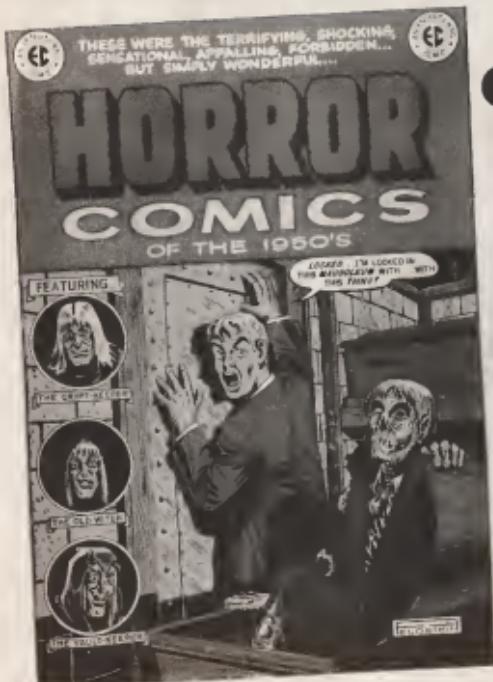


TMT sell ace illustrator Neal Adams
uptown to do this pulsating portrait
of the infamous Count. "Bloody well
done!" quipped the Count, "Bloody
well done! . . ."

THIS IS COMMANDER TAYLOR.
ASTRONAUT. HE'S LANDED IN A
WORLD WHERE APES ARE THE
RULERS AND MAN THE
BEAST. NOW HE IS CAGED.
TORTURED. RISKS
MUTILATION. BECAUSE NO
HUMAN CAN REMAIN
HUMAN ON THE

PLANET OF THE APES





EC HORROR COMICS OF THE 50'S

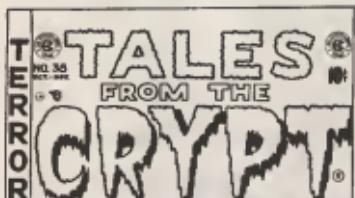
Dim the lights and close the doors as these FETID FOLKTALES of the 1950's bubble forth in FULL COLOR from the witch's cauldron. A selection of the greatest scary stories from HAUNT OF FEAR, TALES FROM THE CRYPT, and VAULT OF HORROR... including a rare unpublished TERROR TALE!

These stories will terrify you like they terrified a whole generation of readers! EC HORROR COMICS OF THE 1950's features a fantastic collection of terror stories plus the original ads for MAD, artist biographies and more! From the comic book company that brought readers the finest horror stories of its time comes a collector's edition you must have!

Great comic artists like WALLY WOOD, JACK OAVIS, FRANK FRAZETTA, AL WILLIAMSON! Stories reproduced in Full Color! 23 horrifying epics from the original comic! All the old ads and editorials plus artist biographies! The comics that caused all the excitement way back when! These are the comics they wouldn't let you read!

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GIANT EC POSTERS!



DEATH LIVES! In these two FULL COLOR vintage EC Posters! Original covers of TALES FROM THE CRYPT NO. 38 and THE VAULT OF HORROR NO. 32. Never published in these versions because they were never-before-seen reprints, these now can be yours! Printed 22"x28" on sturdy paper stock, these masterpieces are always sent rolled, in sturdy mailing tubes, for Super-protection. The VAULT cover is by Johnny Craig, and the CRYPT cover by famed cartoonist Jack Davis. The best in art, color, clarity and horror, all yours for only \$2.50 plus .50 postage, each. The supply will be limited, so we urge you to order now!

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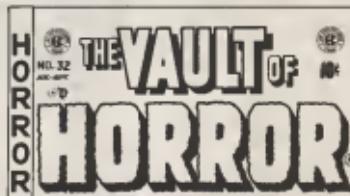
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FOL. I want the TALES FROM THE CRYPT, EC Horror Poster. Ark
Dove, enclosed \$2.50 plus postage (Total of \$3.00)

11
FOL. I want the VAULT OF HORROR, EC Horror Poster. Ark
Dove, enclosed \$2.50 plus postage (Total of \$3.00)

11
FOL. I want an EC PREAL, and send me
EIGHT vintage EC comic posters. Enclosed
find me \$4.00 plus .50 postage (Total of
\$4.50)

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CITY _____
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To the Editor...
MONSTER TIMES...
Box 595
Old Chelsea Sta.
New York 10011

EAGER BEAVER!

Dear Editor:

I guess I'm a typical Monster Times reader, although I was under the impression that there were only a few who read the 25¢ copy of "I am Legend", still had a collection of E.C. comics, saw all Hammer films, went bananas over the new DC Tarzan, and understood the meaning of "KLATEAU VERADA NICITO".

As long as you keep printing I'll keep buying. To top the good work, I was particularly interested in your article on "THE COXES" in the October issue. George Romero is now filming his second sci-fi flick in the same locale as "Living Dead", and with the same great techniques, I have a part in the film. It's called "The Coxes". Look for me. I play the deputy sheriff.

Tony Scott
WBVF Program Director
Beaver Falls, Pa.

We'll be looking for you, Tony. And let us know when it comes out. But what's a radio doing in movies?

MAIL-ORDER VAMPIRES
MARCH AGAIN!

Dear Sirs:

I would like to congratulate you on TMT. It is the most refreshing thing to happen to horror and sci-fi fans in many years. I wouldn't know what to say in the best part about it, it is diversified and excellent. Besides all the great articles and the information offered, I think that the Monster Market is a good idea. I am 25 years old, and most of the things sold in the back of the various monster mags, may not interest someone in my age bracket. I feel they appeal mostly to the children. Since they don't have as much spending money as an average person with a job, I think they should be warned of those who may separate them from their money with shoddy merchandise or excessive prices. If I may list a few examples: The Dracula record reviewed in issue No. 8 had the cover price as \$3.95. An ad in CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN offers it for \$5.95. Another example of inflation is the 8mm movies. In FAMOUS MONSTERS they are offered for \$6.95 plus postage. On the other hand in a magazine for MONSTER FANS, the same films are offered for \$9.95 plus postage. These films are available in numerous cinema departments at large department stores. These prices I have found them for were \$5.15, \$5.49, and \$5.95. You can see how some people can separate uninformed children from their allowances. There are a lot of things available through mail order, but if kids can read about them in your Monster Market, they may be aided in not wasting their money. Keep up the good work.

Sincerely,
Robert W. Martin

P.S. I have found that the Godzilla model is the most desired item. No. 7 is unfortunately not the last in the world. I saw a number of them on sale in the Toy and Hobby Center at the Kresge Plaza Shopping Center on Flatbush Avenue in Brooklyn. (glowing head and all).

Thanks Robert, and you can be sure that when we check prices and find too great a disparity, we'll report it. We try to keep readers informed of the rip-off artists, but they seem to be proliferating at an alarming rate. And if you find more info, please don't hesitate to let us know!

A MARVEL-OUS MT?

Dear Editor,

I like the MONSTER TIMES a lot. Your stories and artwork are great. There's just one thing I'd like to ask. How about an all-Marvel issue? You promised an all-Superman issue, so it's only fair that you have an all-Marvel issue. I would appreciate this very much and so would Marvel!

Sincerely yours,
Scott Martin
Ridge, New York

While we are planning an All-Superman issue of TMT, it's not conceivable that we'll do an all-Marvel issue sometime in the future. If we do, you'll be the first to know.

TO DIME OR NOT TO DIME? THAT IS THE QUESTION!

Dear Monster Times,

I am a great fan of yours, and I have read every issue of your issue. I must say that you have done a terrific job! I enjoyed every issue, but as I was reading issue No. 8 I saw something more horrifying than Chris Lee himself! It was the price of the issue, 60 cents. I admit you have a really good mag, but don't you think 60 cents is a little too much? We are not talking about money! Please give me an explanation for that.

Yours etc.
Larry Patterson,
Fairfield, Conn.

We don't know anyone made of money, Larry. And that includes your steward (poor) staff here at TRE MONSTER TIMES. To be able to ship issues of your favorite monster publications all over the country we had to raise the price a dime. Ever rising shipping costs forced the price up. If you live in New York, though, it will only cost 50 cents. So, while we are sorry for the rise, we do our best to give you every penny of your money's worth and more. Then, of course, you could always move to New York.

SEBING RIVALRY!

Dear Editor

Issue No. 9 of THE MONSTER TIMES was great, but the letter by John Spotts made no sense at all. (1) Anzilia is not Godzilla's brother. (2) Anzilia was in DESTROY ALL MONSTERS and was smaller than Godzilla. (3) Anzilia walks on all fours most of the time (4) Just because Godzilla and Anzilia have almost the same name doesn't mean they are related.

Bob Skir
L.S., N.Y.

Can any of you monstrous fans clear up this barking question? Is Anzilia Godzilla's brother or not? The suspense is killing us!!

Send us as many letters, postcards, boots, dictionnaries, bomb threats, etc., that the Post Office will have to deliver our mail with bulldozers. Address all correspondence to: THE MONSTER TIMES, Box 595, Old Chelsea Station, N.Y. 10011.



IN SEARCH OF GHOSTS

by DANIEL COHEN,
Dodd, Mead & Company, \$4.95

Ghosts have intrigued people for centuries. These white-sheeted apparitions have been the basis of legends for generations. What black hasn't had a haunted house, supposedly haunted by ghosts and goblins? What kid hasn't spent Halloween day masquerading as a ghost? And what kid hasn't thrilled to the exploits of Casper, the Friendly Ghost in cartoons and comics?

Responding to the tide of ghostly tales and legends is IN-SEARCH OF GHOSTS, by Daniel Cohen. In his new book (Dodd, Mead and Company, 182 pp.), Mr. Cohen ferrets out the true from the false, the rumor from the reality, and the lies from the truth. Or at least he tries.

Unfortunately, unless a person is a true believer, or a yarn spinner, he is left with little new to say about ghosts. That seems to be Mr. Cohen's problem. He just doesn't have anything new to add. Research in the field of occult and phantom (the study of ghosts) has been progressing for centuries, but IN-SEARCH OF GHOSTS just won't add much to what already is known. To offset this, the author fabricates dubious tales.

The book kicks off with a fast paced,



A 19th century sketch of a skeletal ghost who looks like he can't wait to rip up his mind whether he's the Scare or the Scared.

of the spiritualistic movement the thesis that spirits can communicate through mediums enveloped in trances. It ranges from the mysterious Fox case in 1848 to the development of the seance room and the Society for Psychical Research. Throughout this whole section, however, we are left with the distinct smell of violence from a circus sideshow. Cohen sensationalizes the spiritualistic movement so thoroughly that it seems as if he's trying to sell ideas, not present things objectively. He lightly throws caution to the wind, and we're only surprised that he didn't bother to recommend his personal medium too.

Finally, Cohen provides several chapters on such sundry topics as "Haunted Houses and Poltergeists," and "Apparitions and Spirit Photographs."

There are some interesting little pieces of information in this book, but we expected more solid information from Mr. Cohen, who was formerly Managing Editor of SCIENCE DIGEST. It struck us as strange that a man with Cohen's science background tried to foist off a mélange of rumors, lies and old wives' tales as factual information. IN-SEARCH OF GHOSTS is interesting reading, but it won't make anyone a true believer, and it certainly won't further the science of ghosts any. For that, they'll have to look to better writing books.

—Joe Bramante



A 19th century artist's idea of a ghostly apparition.

superficial historical introduction. The author speaks of the primitive fear of the dead, moves through ghost tales in Greek times, progresses through 19th century England, focusing on some of the more important cases of exorcism. Cohen uses the old trick of leaving the reader hanging, letting him decide for himself the veracity of each individual case. There is nothing wrong with leaving each incident to its own merits, but we're all tired of these cliffhangers with no ending. The dustjacket of IN-SEARCH OF GHOSTS claims the book is a definitive history of ghosts, but it really doesn't give us any answers, regardless of what the dustjacket says.

The middle chapters of the book serve up highlights of the development

line of ghost tales in front of haunted houses in what you-were-here type pose. If you think the steady march is advancing, check out what's happening at Witch Willow's hauntings house you can find on the very next page.







How many so-called horror films have you seen that failed to deliver the gruesome goods? Not only were they absolutely stupid and bloodless, but, like as not, they didn't even provide a clear glimpse of the alleged "monster" that was always said to be lurking about. Well, finally there's one movie company putting the horror back into the horror film, with lots of blood and gore and monsters and mutilation tossed in for good measure. Crack terror scribe Buddy Weiss takes a good look at two of Hemisphere Pictures' (The House of Horror, as they call themselves) latest bloodletting ventures, the MAD DOCTOR OF BLOOD ISLAND and (gasp!) BEAST OF BLOOD! So, without wasting any more space, let us set foot now into the dense jungles of Blood Island as fashioned by its equally dense creators at Hemisphere ...

THE BLOOD-EATED ISLAND

by Buddy Weiss

What two movies have so much blood in them that Dracula himself would be hard put not to give them 4 stars each? Why, MAD DOCTOR OF BLOOD ISLAND and BEAST OF BLOOD, of course! Between them, they have enough celluloid corpuscles to feed a dozen hungry vampires for the next century or so.

And these titles are only two of a whole bloody bundle of gore movies produced by Hemisphere Pictures, a company that modestly calls itself "The House of Horror!" (Their exclamation point, not ours—Ed.)

Hemisphere, in its relatively short existence, has also turned out tasty items on the order of BLOOD

DEMON, BLOOD FIEND, BRAIN OF BLOOD, BRIDES OF BLOOD, I DRINK YOUR BLOOD and, for a change of pace for those looking for more solid nourishment, I EAT YOUR SKIN. We'll be getting around to each of these films in this and the next two installments of the series ... but for now, let's take a look at what the MAD DOCTOR OF BLOOD ISLAND is up to.

THE MAD DOCTOR OF BLOOD ISLAND, double-billed at most theaters with BLOOD DEMON, stars ex-love actor John Ashley and Angeline Fettigohn. Hemisphere, by the way, conducts ad campaigns that might best be described as heavy, and ones that even put the old American-International numbers to shame. For the MAD DOCTOR OF BLOOD ISLAND, the ad poster reads: A WEIRD SHRIEK-OUT... Do the "Mad Doctor" Thing. Drink Green Blood and Groove. The Most Absorbing Horror Happening Ever! If you're not for blood, you can rely on Hemisphere ...

THE MAD DOCTOR OF BLOOD ISLAND begins with Dr. Bill Foster (John Ashley), red-blooded American boy and son medico, being sent to the mysterious Blood Island to investigate "strange" happenings. Actually, they are more than a little bit strange — they're downright unnatural. People vanishing, monster carrying kids off into the jungle, and coconuts going sour overnight, before they even leave the trees. It's Un-American things like these that give places like Blood Island a bad name.

Accompanying Dr. Foster to the

Dramatic method of making movie titles is demonstrated in this example of Hemisphere pictures' poster art for BEAST OF BLOOD, sequel to THE MAD DOCTOR OF BLOOD ISLAND.



Following his transformation from man to monster, Dr. Foster finds that his popularity among the native girls has leveled off to an even zero.



nearious isle are Sheila Willard and Carlos Lopez. Why, you might ask, would a nice girl (not to mention a beautiful one) like that be going to a place like Blood Island? The answer is two-fold and simple. One, because every horror film requires a heroine to give it sex appeal a shot in the arm and, two, because her father lives there. Of course, we never learn why her father lives on Blood Island, but then there's a lot of things we never learn in the films but as long as there's a lot of blood and monsters, who's counting.

Carlos is along for a different purpose. His mother lives on Blood Island and he wants to fetch her from that mysterious locale. In fact, his plan is about the only thing in the movie that makes any sense.

At any rate, the boat carrying Bill, Sheila, and Carlos docks at Blood Island and before you can

say 'hemoglobin' all manner of weirdities begin to take place. First off, Sheila finds out that her formerly respectable father is now nothing but a drunken bum who is fond of disappearing into the dangerous jungle for long stretches at a time. Being a logical type, Sheila goes in after him, without bringing along a gun, food, or much in the way of clothes either (but, you have to keep in mind the fact that it's awful HOT on Blood Island). Almost as soon as Sheila steps foot into the underbrush, however, she is attacked by a horrible monster who drips green stuff all over her fair white body and shaves her in a typically male chauvinist manner.

Meanwhile, while all this is going on, Bill is busy doing some medical detective work. He soon discovers that the island is plagued by a terrible mystifying disease... one that turns human blood from a healthy red to a sickly green color. Bill is understandably puzzled by this turn of events.

Carlos is keeping himself active as well. After he locates his mother, he finds that she doesn't want to leave the island on account of her dead husband. Carlos, being of sound mind and body, deduces that if his mother is staying on Blood Island because of her dead husband, then the dead husband (his father) must still be alive — if he can still exert that much pressure on mom. So, to follow down his hunch, Carlos enlists the aid of Dr. Bill and together they journey to a graveyard to exhume dad's tomb, only to find the coffin... you guessed it, empty! It is Bill's quick-thinking opinion that if Carlos' father isn't in the coffin, then he must be somewhere else, and is probably still alive to boot, otherwise his escape from the tomb would have been exceedingly difficult indeed.

Around this time, Bill and Carlos are interrupted in their morbid bewilderment by the sound of high-pitched screams emanating from the direction of the jungle. Sounds like Sheila, they gasp, and, like the stout-hearted heroes they are, dash off into the jungle to rescue her. They find the

beast-savaged Sheila and, in her gratitude, she kisses them both for saving her and, together, they exit the jungle to puzzle out the plots that seem to be thickening at an alarming rate.

Meanwhile, Carlos' investigation is getting nowhere fast. His mother has taken in a pair of lodgers, a certain mysterious Dr. Lores and

Sheila and

compare notes with Dr. Bill Foster and when the two put their heads together they discover they share one thing in common: neither have the slightest idea of what might be behind the mysterious happenings on Blood Island. So they consult Sheila.

GREEN FIELD

Sheila informs them that the monster that attacked her was of a green hue. Bill immediately decides



BEAST OF BLOOD has an axe to grind and bones to pick with the deranged Dr. Lores, Blood Island's resident mad scientist. He was responsible for Don Ramon's terrifying transformation.

his assistant Maria, and none of them will offer Carlos so much as a single clue as to his father's whereabouts. He then goes back to

that this must be connected with the mystifying "green blood" disease, the coincidence being too tempting to resist. And, since he took a spontaneous distillation to Dr. Lores, Bill further concludes that the rival doctor must be at the bottom of it all. Professional jealousy, no doubt, even though Bill's bedside manner has proven to be far more successful than the grim Dr. Lores's — as far as the lovely Sheila is concerned at least.

So Bill confronts Dr. Lores who, being a card-carrying secretive power-mad scientist, immediately tells them everything.

As it turns out, the monster is none other than Carlos' missing father, Don Ramon. Ramon, who had been dying of an unspecified disease, went to Dr. Lores, the evil genius, for help. Lores, in turn, injected the hapless Ramon with a strange serum he'd invented, one that put Carlos' old man through some pretty heavy changes. Don Ramon began growing edgy and ill-tempered and gradually evolved into a full-fledged monster, his



The Hammerfest press book offers choice like the one above, all indicating that while Blood Island might be a nice place to visit, you wouldn't want to live there. In fact NO ONE lives there for very long.

popularity among his fellows promptly levelling off to an even zero. Feeling alienated and reviled by his new green color, Don Ramon fled into the jungle where he buried himself by pulling annoying practical 'jokes' on all who might wander into his domain with the purpose of ferreting him out.

Demonstrating an ironic sense of timing, Don Ramon, the monster, appears on the scene just as Dr. Lores is explaining this to the others. Having all the anti-social tendencies common to monsters everywhere, Don Ramon gets his revenge on Lores by wrecking the place and trying to stomp everyone in sight. In the ensuing confusion, a few jars containing inflammatory chemicals chance to spill onto the floor and a massive fire breaks out. The heroes scurry out of the fiery house to safety where they watch the conflagration. Presumably Dr. Lores and his monster are killed.

Content that their mission has been a success, Bill Foster, Carlos, Sheila and her father (who also turned up out of nowhere near the end of the film) leave the island. Blood Island is bloody no more... not until the next movie, at least.

Continued on next page

One of the reptile mutants of Blood Island makes snake-eye at heroine Argelia. Perhaps, whose troubles are only beginning.



BEAST OF BLOOD

But horror movie heroes like Bill Foster do not remain at rest for long, and soon enough he returns to Blood Island in Hemisphere's sequel, the *BEAST OF BLOOD*. Keeping Bill company this time around is his charming companion Myra Russell, girl reporter and voluptuous lady.

The "troubles" have erupted once again on Blood Island, it seems, and again Bill is dispatched to see what he can do about the situation. Bill finds that the natives are unusually restless and not very friendly towards him either, since they associate him with the last murderous outbreak of Blood Island horror. Dr. Foster quickly assures the natives that he'll do everything he can (which isn't all that much) to end this terrible new menace to the community. His first step is to return to the old stomping grounds of the late, demented Dr. Lora to see if there's anything happening there. The place is now a wasteland of burned buildings and overgrown weeds and scurrying rats and the like. But, before Bill is able to discover anything at all, disaster strikes again: Myra is kidnapped by a gang of restless natives!

Bill rounds up a gang of good natives and heads out in search of the abducted Myra. They find her soon enough, but the bad natives don't want to give up their hard-won prize so a fight breaks out and, amidst the punching and shoving and yelling, Myra offs a native who tries to do her in by shoving a machete through his ribs. Myra, in fact, is the only one who actually kills anyone in the fight, which would seem to be her "helpless" nature. At any rate, the gang goes back to visit Lora's estate once again where Bill becomes aware of another calamitous turn of events: Myra is missing again!

This time she's been ripped off by Lora's henchmen in order to serve as the bait in a trap set for Bill. Lora (who, of course, didn't die in the fire that climaxed the *MAD DOCTOR OF BLOOD ISLAND*), has apparently grown

tired of Dr. Bill's ceaseless interference and possibly his poor acting abilities as well and is determined this time to do him in once and for all.

Lora is also jealous of Dr. Bill's women. Just as he fell for Sheila in the first film so he falls for Myra in this one. The mad doctor, in a crude bid for Southern Pacific hospitality, takes Myra on a guided tour of his new domain, which features a horrifying prison compound in which are kept the horribly disfigured natives who have served as the victims of his vile experiments. Meanwhile, Bill is hard at work on a plan to get Myra out of the Madman's hands.

"Maybe that still scares," say mad doctor times as Blood Island, fearing than a rash lady at a wry smile, rejects head after head. But then it must be tough to make up your mind when you're not even sure of which don't it's...



BEAST OF BLOOD makes ready to bite the hand that fed him... and anything else that happens to be in his way in action-packed sequel of Hemisphere's blood orgy of abrupt and seething violence.

Meanwhile, the severed head finally begins to open up a bit. "We can talk now, Dr. Lora, if you want to..." it says, while the headless body beats the crazed scientist senseless — which isn't a bad thing to do, considering the mad doctor's imbalanced mental state. Bill decides that the monster, along with everything else, is highly expendable, so he plants a few



Blood Beast is afforded a unique view of the proceedings as he gets head handled to him in this poignant moment from *B.O.B.*

sticks of dynamite and watches with Myra as the whole place blows up.

Bill and Myra abandon the bloody site and the natives learn to relax again. But will Blood Island remain in this rare state of tranquility for long? Not likely, not with Hemisphere Pictures' busy production schedule.

Tune in next issue for further developments on Blood Island and the whole crew of washed-up actors cast ashore on its terrifying terrain. And remember: "The blood you save may be your own."

The Monster Times Teletype

... Prints news, reviews, previews, gross-blades ferreted out by BILL FERET, Monsterdom's answer to Rove Barret. Bill is in show-biz; a singer, dancer, actor and has many contacts in the domain of Entertainment; films, TV, the stage, and all that like. Where other monsterheads get news to you months after a film's already been released, Bill Feret's *TELETYPE* lives up to its name, and reveals to you info of horror flicks & censors when they're still only in production. Impress friend and stand alike with loads info on monster movies that haven't even been made yet! Goshawootie, gang!

There seems to be an influx of French thrillers as of late. Sergio Gobbi has in the offing "THE INTRUDER," in which a man quite calmly kills two men who have threatened to kidnap his son and hold him for ransom. Another will be "THE KILLER," this one has a psychopath slaying half a dozen people before the police, who have been feuding on the methods of his capture, investigate him.

At Shepperton Studios in London, they've begun shooting on the psycho-thriller, "THE ASYLUM."

Incognegro little change—HARGERT has become NIGHT OF THE LEPUS? Lupus? (Lupus?)

Alfred Hitchcock's new film, "FRENZY," is set for release.

William L. Rose is nearing an America-Italian-French film titled "TERROR IN ZA."

Peter Katz has been set to produce *Daphne du Maurier's "DON'T LOOK NOW"*. It'll shoot on location in London and Venice.



If the Count finds his cape growing a bit threadbare, he can now peruse Radu Florescu's fine and reasonably

priced line of Transylvanian finery. We always wondered who his tailor might be.

DRACULA LIVED! I mean as an actual person, in the form of a 15th Century Romanian prince named Vlad Tepes. He was nicknamed "Dracula," which in Romanian means "Son of the Devil," for his grotesque and sadistic tactic of impaling those who displeased him on wooden stakes, sometimes thousands at a time. So says Radu Florescu, a Boston College professor who pretends to be under the Dracula curse. The curse was placed upon his family when Jesus' sister married into the Florescu family.

Upon a recent European expedition, Florescu, his wife and a small party of fellow explorers set out to ascertain the exact location of the Dracula Castle, but

fall pray to many mysterious circumstances and mishaps.

But Florescu goes on, under the auspices of the Romanian Government, plans to import a line of TRANSYLVANIAN fashions. (Cape shrouds?) The collection will feature dresses, embroidered vests and... an authentic reproduction of the Dracula cape selling for somewhere between \$50 and \$90.

It's about time Florescu cashed in on the curse that has plagued his family for centuries. If the curse prevails though, buttons might fall off, zippers snap and stretching may逞ish, but Dracula wouldn't do that, would he? The old one-and-one?

Doing absolutely no business, whatsoever, somewhere in Detroit is the intriguingly titled double-B—"Terror" and "Teenage PSYCHO MEETS BLOODY MARY." (I'm sure the viewing audience were the ones who wished they had had a few bloody Mary's to drink.)

"ROSEMARY'S BABY" star, Ruth Gordon will have the role solo in "THE WITCH OF WALL STREET," which concerns the life of lady miser Hetty Green.

NBC's TV movie "PROBE," which starred Hugh O'Brian and Elke Sommer is definitely set to become a television. I only hope Angel Terpkin, featured in a recent issue of *PLAYBOY* and a stunningly beautiful blonde, is sold with the strains in the role she essayed in the plot.

The National Geographic specials for next season have some very interesting titles. Those announced were "THE HAUNTED WEST," "THE VANISHING TRIBES OF THE MATTO GROSSO" (that's the unexplored region of the Amazon jungle), "THE UNEXPLAINED MYSTERIES OF THE EARTH," and "STRANGE CREATURES OF THE NIGHT." Sounds more like the "Supernatural Geographic."

Charles Nelson Reilly, star of "THE GHOST & MRS. MUIR" TV series is set for a new one, *spine* and ghost that is. This time the ghost will be a little more benevolent.

A new Michael Cimino production will essay forth from Hammer studios called "CRESCENDO." The movie stars Stephanie Powers, heroine to many, and James Olson, star of THE ANHOROMEDA STRAIN.

Fantafy Corp's previously announced "TOWER OF EVIL" has become "BIRKHORN ON SHAPES ISLAND," with just a "shape" of the finger.

And the inimitable genius of George Pal will be re-ignited in transforming from novel to screen the incredible DOC SAVAGE series. First on Pal's docket will



CON-CALENDAR

DATE	CONVENTION	LOCATION	PRICE	FEATURES
JUNE 11	THE SECOND SUNDAY PHL SEUING 2863 W. 12 BKLYN, N.Y. 11224	STATLER-HILTON 33rd ET 8th AVE. NEW YORK CITY	\$1.00 100 A.M. to 4 P.M. I	COMIC BOOK DEALERS & COLLECTORS No Special Guests
JUNE 9-11 FRI, SAT., SUN.	PULP-CON EG. WIESEL BOX 15853, O'VERLAND BRANCH ST. LOUIS, MO. 63114	COLONY HOTEL 7730 BON HOMME Cayce, Me.	\$5—Sept. 54—Admission. 86—At Door	PULPS & AUTHORS Philip José Farmer Edmond Hamilton B. other.
JULY 1-5 SAT. THRU WED.	NEW YORK COMICON PHL SEUING 2863 W. 12 BKLYN, N.Y. 11224	STATLER-HILTON 33rd ST. & Lexington Ave. NEW YORK CITY	Info. Not Available White Coll.	Mass Comic Book and Comic Strip Artists, and THOUSANDS of Press Photo Yourselves for \$1 DAYSI
Feb. 16-18 1973	INTERNATIONAL STAR TREK CONVENTION	HOTEL COMMODORE 42nd St. & Lexington Ave. New York City	Info Not Available	STAR TREK What else could you want?

The CON-CALENDAR is a special exclusive feature of THE MONSTER TIMES. As the great land of ours are spooked via various gatherings of quizzically cartoon monsters. The gatherings called "conventions," and the various, called "fests," deserve the attention of movie and comic book alike, hence this trade-leading round-up.

To those readers who've never been to one of these hair-brained affairs, we recommend it.

Directions of such events put those down by anyone that they're just a bunch of cartoonists and science fiction writers and comic book publishers talking, and signing autographs for fans who, like me, spend more on out-of-state conventions, movie theater passes, and movie tickets, than we do for gas. But the last time I went to one of these conventions, I was a bit giddy. If you want a couple of glossy pictures of Dracula or King Kong, or a 1943 copy of *Autney Comics* (God alone knows why)

or if you wish to see classic horror and science fiction films, or meet the likes of old time movie stars, or today's top comic book artists and writers—or if you just want to exert either amateur or amateur science fiction freaks, like myself, and have you're not alone in the world, or if you want to meet the other amateurish individuals who like... well, THE MONSTER TIMES, go ahead and visit one of these conventions. We do ya!

be a compilation of several of the Kenneth Robeson novels released under the title, DOC SAVAGE, ARCHENEMY OF EVIL. The film will be complete escapism, far afield from James Bondian tongue-in-cheek adventures.

Set for a TV premiere is a new film starring the super siren of the 40's, Miss Rita Hayworth, titled *SONS OF SATAN*. Co-starred is the equally lovely Claudine Auger.



Attention, all equals here! Did you know that for the next 4 years there has been a *Comic Art Convention*? This year marks the 4th anniversary of the convention. It's going to be one Super, Ultra Con. The first 6 day convention in history! July 3 thru 5 at New York's Statler Hilton Hotel. Over 3,000 fans are expected to attend and have great fun seeing their favorite artists, writers and comic artists.

Like previous years there will be dealer's tables, slide shows, panel discussions, special guest speakers, art displays, auctions, tournaments, parties. Only now, there will be a host of other things and events planned.

The program-booklet, like the Con will also be big... 86 pages worth of Golden Age and ultra-new art, art from the leading comic dealers across the country, and features about your favorite comic.

The Statler Hilton Hotel is located across from Pennsylvania Station, just one stop from the Port Authority Bus Terminal.

Additional information on the 1972 Comic Art Convention can be obtained from the Convention Chairman, Mr. Phil Seeling. Write to him at 621 Avenue Z, Brooklyn, New York 11223.

We'll be looking forward to meeting a lot of our *Readers* there!



The producer-director of *SILENT RUNNING*, Douglas Trumbull, will next be heading for Warner Bros. another futuristic film entitled *THE RIDE*. *Lion O'Brien* will write the screenplay and co-produce.

Rosa Meyer, king of the exploitation, will produce the *justly* macabre *CHOCOLATE CUTS* for Warner. Film is based on the novel by French authors Pierre Boulle and Thomas Narcejac, who also gave us the classic, *DIABOLIQUE* and *VERTIGO*. They claim it's a true story dealing with the strange occurrences that the various patients undergo when the transplanted parts of a murderer's body start reacting. Every part, repeat *EVERY PART* is utilized. Finish the thought anything should go want, or worse.

COMIC BOOKS ATTACK THE MONSTER MASTERS

Comic book publishers have finally caught on to what we, here at *The Monster Times*, have been saying all along - there's a market for monster comic books. National Comics has started a brand new line entitled *Ward Mystery Tales*, turned a garden variety western into *Ward Western Tales*, turned two goliath, Dark Matter and Swamp House, into humor titles, and is now working on a brand new and ever established horror/mystery series. Marvel Comics has the corner on pure monster though. They have spent the last four years re-creating their most macabre stories from the 1930s. They are now bringing out new comic books this summer, the *Devourer from Mystery and The Chamber of Chaos*. (They also captured *Count Dracula* a while back for "Tomb Of Dracula" names.) To top off this comic revival, the *Amorous Cenozoic Golem*, which has been the product of many years of no audience percentage the last horror may be going to be starting a horror title in the very near future. For those that bring their training, the greatest meat really be mounting it didn't we say so?



Robert Redford has acquired Arthur C. Clarke's "DOLPHIN ISLAND," for possible filming under his Redford-Marvel Production banner. I hope they don't "Toy" with the project too long.



"Gimme a Monsterburger, fries and blood shake.
And rush it - I may not have much time."

THE COMIC READER

Comic Art's monthly newsmagazine! The story of what's going to happen to your favorite comic characters. With features by Monster Timesers: Brancatelli, Isabell & Levitz, 3 for \$1 from Paul Levitz, 393 East 56 Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11203.

Comic books, fanzines, slides, posters, and Little books, dealers, collectors; and *The Monster Times* folks! Every "SECOND SUNDAY!" at the Statler-Hilton, 33rd St. & 7th Ave. N.Y.C. 10AM to 4PM. Admission \$1.00

SCIENCE FICTION, FANTASY AND HORROR

Reference Guide to Fantastic Films.

20,000 Listings; 50 Countries; 76 Years; Extensive Information; Thorough Cross-References. For a content sample send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Walt Lee, P.O. Box 66273, Los Angeles, CA 90066.

WANTED! WANTED! WANTED!

WANTED—Did radio and comic premiums, to expand our museum of relics, trivia and the lore of 20th Century pop-art. Things like the *BUCK ROGERS PISTOL*, or a *CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT DECODER RING*... and all the rest of the stuff. These things have a place

in our history, and we have a place for them on our shelves. Please send description and condition of items, plus the price you're asking, to *TMTM*, (THE MONSTER TIMES MUSEUM), P.O. Box 595, Old Chelsea Station, New York, N.Y., 10011.

HE MOVES EASILY AND THE MUSCLE STREAKS BY HIS HEAD... BUT THE FORCE OF THE THROW PULLS ME FORWARD AND THE HEAVY CHAIN ENGINES HIS THROAT... I CATCH THE PROJECTILE WITH THE SAME HAND THAT LOOSED IT, AND HOLD IT IN A GRIP THAT ONLY DEATH WILL BREAK.



...THE OSRE GASPS AND STRUGGLES BUT CLING TO HIM LIKE THE WOLF TO THE BEAR. THE SWEAT BEADS AND ENGINES HIS BROW AND THE OSRE SCREAMS HIS MOVEMENTS SLOW AND FINALLY CEASE TILL HE DROWNS IN HIS OWN BLOOD...



Two panels from *BADTIME STORIES*, by Berni Wrightson.

Badtime Stories

Beneful Berni Wrightson's brought out a bushingly brilliant book: *BADTIME STORIES*. Regular readers of *THE MONSTER TIMES* know wrenching Wrightson from his immortal color poster of Boris Karloff's *FRANKENSTEIN* in the centerfold of MT No. 1, and your bottoms dollar can be bet that you'll be seeing more of his morbid phantasmagorically creepy, circums of ghouls and goblins, freaks and fiends, and doomsday demons in future issues of this wonderful monster newspaper.

But in the meantime of whiles, though, you can have a 48 page, permanently-bound slick-paper softcover creepish classic of six soul-annihilating solo stories of mystery and macabre, Berni's weirdly-wrought, wright-on *BADTIME STORIES*. We reviewed them in *MONSTER TIMES* NO. 6, received so much mail, that we bought a stock of them for you to order from us.

BADTIME STORIES is all

Wright, son! Monster-sized (8 1/2" x 11"), and monster-oriented, with color paintings on the front and back covers, and spine-chilling black and white artwork inside, it's a steal at the meadly \$5.00 per copy we're asking. (Though we won't tell you who's stealing from whom!)

So fill out the coupon below, and send it to *THE MONSTER TIMES* folk. Would we ever steer you wrong?

Wright-on! Wrightson's bushily word-workmanship, what my wife craft for his woe-begone world! Rush _____ copies of *BADTIME STORIES* at \$5.00 per copy plus 50¢ postage & handling (\$5.50 total) to:

THE MONSTER TIMES
BOX 595
New York, N.Y. 10011

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

AN INTERVIEW WITH

Dracula

Continued from page 14

THE UNDEAD LIVE!

TMT: How did you first become one of the "undead"?

Dr: That goes back a long time to the days when I was known as Vorpaloy the Impaler. I made a covenant with Satan when I was battling Turkish invaders. After I died I became one of the undead. Rather a strange twist on the resurrection theme you might say.

TMT: How are you now?

Dr: Let me see, I can not say off hand. I was born in the 14th century, about 1350 or thereabouts. How old does that make me?

TMT: Over 600 years old! Amazing, you hardly look 40. Is it true that your diet of human blood makes you grow younger looking?

Dr: Yes, my diet maintains me. As long as I continued to nourish myself I will remain youthful.

ALL POWER TO THE UNDEAD

TMT: Is it true that you possess certain super human powers?

Dr: To a degree, yes. I have the strength of a dozen men and powers of hypnotic suggestion. However, let me say once for all I cannot turn into a bat or a wolf. Lycanthropy is absurd, don't you think? I do have some power over certain members of the animal kingdom which I imagine observers have interpreted as lycanthropy. I can not dissolve into a trail of mist or other such nonsense, but I am able to command the elements up to a point. It is possible for me to camouflage myself in fog, for instance.

The hours between sunset and dawn is the period when I am at the height of my powers. During the day I rest in a box of my native earth. I can walk abroad in the daylight hours, although I cannot exercise those exceptional talents I mentioned.

TMT: Then daylight will not kill you?

Dr: No, that is just wishful thinking on the part of those who have sought to persecute me.

TMT: Who would want to persecute you? Dr: The late Prof. Abraham Van Helsing and his like. There have been a few others but Van Helsing and his friends caused me the most trouble.

You don't seem to understand that I am the victim of a disease whose effects I have no control over.

TMT: A disease which has addicted you to human blood.

Dr: Well, nobody's perfect. I must say though, my condition is not without its rewards. I meet a lot of attractive girls.

TMT: I imagine so. But, tell Van Count, what are your limitations?

Dr: Generally speaking, I abhor the reek of garlic, can't stand religious objects—crosses, etc., I can't cross running water under my own power, and



Although determined to keep his identity and whereabouts a constantly guarded secret, neighbors at the Count's Upper East Side residence here, from time to time, caught glimpses of the undying devon. He has, according to his butler, been known to hang bat-erds in the hall closet, causing occasional consternation in the hearts of his fellow apartment dwellers. "I enjoy the free flow of blood to my head," the Count remarked, "and the rush is nothing short of fantastic!"

those who have sought to destroy me and my work.

TMT: Like Van Helsing, for instance?

Dr: Yes.

TMT: But Prof. Van Helsing claimed to have destroyed you over 80 years ago...

Dr: Lies! That lying old Dutchman! The fox eluded the hounds. They continued to search for me but I outlasted them. No one has ever defeated me.

TMT: How long have you been in the U.S.? What are your plans?

Dr: I have lived here for the past four years. During that time I have been setting up my operations here which I am happy to say will be in full swing very soon.

TMT: What operations have you planned?

Dr: Spreading my cult from coast to coast.

TMT: You sound like a prophet for some exotic religion rather than...

"I must say though, my condition is not without its rewards. I meet a lot of attractive girls..."

I can not enter a home unless I have been invited first. After I come and go as I please.

TMT: Concerning your "cult," Count, have you ever considered a blood bank?

Dr: That would not be very nutritious. I must be sure my sources are fresh and alive you understand.

BLOOD ON THE ROCKS

TMT: Fresh blood has kept you alive for 600 years?

Dr: Not only blood, but canning, cladding

Dr: Rather than what! What other institution could possibly offer the benefits that I do? Guaranteed eternal life!

TMT: Or eternal death, depending on how you look at it.

Dr: Don't be irreverent, my friend.

TMT: But you sound like some kind of insurance salesman!

Dr: In a manner of speaking I am. But don't agree with me, it is so unpleasant. Can you not imagine—eternal life?

TMT: Doesn't that require a covenant with Satan?

Dr: Unfortunately, I have had occasion to see several of these pieces of popular mythology. Needless to say, I consider them beneath contempt.

TMT: What do you think of the actors you have seen impersonating you? Beta Lugo, and Christopher Lee for instance.

Dr: Lugo had a certain old world charm, but he was certainly a far cry from the way I see myself. Our physical appearances and our manners have little in common.

Lee is a bit too self-consciously virile for my taste. The productions he has appeared in are a trifle bad, but I must admit he is more into the spirit of things.

DRACULA ON TOUR?

TMT: It's easy to see why you aren't pleased with your image. Have you considered making an appearance publicly?

Dr: My lawyer told me that David Frost wanted to do 90 minutes with me, and there was some talk of a television special. Of course, this poses technical problems—tape and film you know. Anyway, I am not quite ready for a public appearance. It would mean dropping the cover which I have established.

TMT: Then you do not function socially under your true name?

Dr: Correct, that is not yet possible. When I am now certain of my rights as a U.S. resident, and potential citizen, I may reveal my true identity.

In the mean time, I play elusives.

TMT: Would it be possible to locate you again at this address?

Dr: No, I am quite inaccessible. Besides, being a permanent resident affords me a great deal of privacy. No one can reach me unless I permit it.

Now I must end our interview, my friend. I still have things to attend to this evening.

TMT: But I have so much more to ask you. One more question, please? I thought the vampire's strength lay in the fact that no

ND RED TAPE

Dr: Not necessarily. It did in my case but that was centuries ago. Today I can offer

"What other institution could possibly offer the benefits that I do? Guaranteed eternal life!"

you the same benefits I received without the red tape.

Dr: Are you trying to sell me a bit of goods?

Dr: If I decided that you were to join my organization, I would make you an offer you could not refuse. But, let me remind you, I promised you that if you have nothing to fear from me, forgive me if my enthusiasm alarmed you.

Dr: Of course. But tell me, judging from your plans to spread your cult, you must need a great deal of financial support. Do you have such means at your disposal?

Dr: That and much more. A man who has lived centuries and had my advantages has had the time to amass a fortune you could not begin to imagine. Let me lay modesty aside to assure you I am fabulously rich.

Dr: Earlier you said that you found your public image unattractive. Is this due in part to Bram Stoker's novel?

Dr: Stoker's novel? The very idea of calling that sewage a novel! A scientist and public job from old darling and newspaper clippings does not a novel make. Besides he misrepresented the facts on too many occasions to enumerate. Believe me that book has been a hard thing to live with.

Dr: Have you seen any of the motion pictures based on your exploits?

one believes in them. Why have you come out in the open like this?

Dr: Oh that word—vampire. Times change. In this permissive society, anything goes. Besides I doubt if many of your readers will take your article seriously.

TMT: Have you considered writing your memoirs?

Dr: You said just one more question. Very well, if I decide to write an autobiography I'll need a collaborator. If I like your article I'll be in touch with you.

Good night.

The room was gradually enveloped in a swirling fog and he disappeared from sight. I left unchanged, but I doubt if I will ever be the same again. I have the persistent feeling that someone is watching me.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This concludes Roger Siegelton's interview. There was to be more, but this is all he completed before he suffered a nervous breakdown. He is now confined in the violent ward of a private mental hospital, where it is believed he has little chance of recovery. Incidentally, he has developed a strange fixation for flies—he eats them!

PLANET OF THE APES

Continued from page 5

understand him completely. The thought made him try to speak again, but he only succeeded in gasping. Then the Chimp turned and Corinella looked into Taylor's eyes. They were arguing about him. "Yes... No... No... No..." she was saying to her husband that she saw was intelligence in his angry eyes, while her husband tried to convince her that it was all her imagination. With a sigh of relief, Tayzil heard Corinella give in to her will. He ordered Tayzice and Nozzi released and took back to their cells. Just before he was led from the room, George Taylor nodded a quick thanks to Zia. Dr. Corinella, watching from the corner of the room, couldn't believe what he saw. For a full hour they asked Taylor questions, and he either gestured or

Now? No doubt about it...he would have to escape.

Zin came up with the idea of escape soon after Taylor did. There was nothing more they could do with Dr. Zulus. But Taylor would have to wait until a successful escape could be arranged.

Taylor did not wait and, bursting free of a Gorilla guard, hopped into the long square. Apes everywhere paraded, and mothers gathered up their children to protect them from the mad "Biting" attack from their midst. Taylor ran to and fro, dodging his pursuers, climbing over statues and angular ornaments, knocking Gorillas and Chimps off their feet, until he ducked into a museum. He didn't know WHAT the building was. All he knew was that it was big and dark and he was alone in it. He ran through rooms and exhibits. He saw humans being crafted, frozen into positions of family life and hunting and leaping and running. Then he was one man in particular. It was a black man, unique on this planet, stilted and mutated for curious eyes. It was *Me Friend Dodge*. Dead. Uselessly



From entomist to animal to vegetable . . . Taylor sobs in frustration at the thought of this, real and total descent.



Dr. Zales (Maurice Evans), powerful patron of Planet of Apes, consults with a council of elders to decide on fitting punishment for Taylor's crime—the crime of intelligence. The judgment is swift and severe—the captive's mind must be destroyed!

nodded. He WAS an intelligent being, and he would sure let them know it! At last Dr. Cornelius agreed with his wife, and promised her that nothing would happen to the human who his wife was now calling "Brighteyes."

They went to their superior, the stately orangutan Dr. Zain, Zain, who looked almost exactly like the statue of the Ape God that was seen throughout this strange world, was the leader of all the Apes. An awe-inspiring Ape, with the responsibility of guarding ancient secrets and shaping the affairs of his fellow Apes.

Zalmi, for some reason, reacted strongly to the fact that an intelligent human had immediately threatened Zalin and Coraellus with charges of insubordination and heresy if they did not comply with his wishes, he ordered a frontal lobotomy performed on Taylor. This operation would leave him a mindless, living vegetable unable to think or reason or remember or do anything worth doing. A useless waste, and one that both Coraellus and his wife argued powerfully for. But Zalin remained firm in his opinions and the orders went out. *DESTROY HIS MIND!!*

For Taylor, alone with the beautiful but primitive Neas, the situation was a nightmare. He knew what was happening, for Zara, still not fully sure that Taylor understood anything she told him, had developed the habit of talking to him through the bars of his cage for an hour each evening. She told him everything of current news, and the more he heard the less he liked it. Up to now, Zara and Cornelius were able to stall Dr. Zane, but when they *was* out of tricks...what would happen to *him*? And he *hated* it.



Stone image of Dr. Zelias strikes a pose of strident satisfaction as the heretical herman is made to grovel at the end of Authority's leash.

prisoners, he was another familiar face. Landor? He was forward. This stopped as he saw the huge scar on his friend's forehead. Landor stared glassy-eyed, maddishly. He had no mind, no memories. That would happen to him if he were caught. But, as he stopped to look at Landor, he was again surrounded with sets and offices. Pewting hands poked away at him, and heisted him in the air over a stone bridge. He screamed. He screamed words at them, and they heard and stared openmouthed at him . . . A HUMAN SPORK! It had screamed "GET YOUR FILTHY PAWS OFF ME!!!"

He awoke back in his cell, feeling more secure, now that he could speak and make himself understood as an intelligent being. Dr. Zaku himself came to his cell to take a look at Taylor. And, to his surprise, Taylor found himself being ushered into Zaku's office.

ODOR IN THE COURT

The aged orangutan puffed on a cigar and spoke to the bound humans. He explained about the elderly society he had built up for his people during his ruling years, and managed to keep his running order until a speaking human turned up to ruin it all. The Apes had their own problems, with Chimps fighting for equality and Gorillas acting as Secret Police and orangutans ruling. Now, with a human question, the structured life of Zain's Apes might be seriously threatened.

Because of Taylor's intelligence and the objections of Zais and Cormett, who were respected scientists, Zais couldn't just curse Taylor killed or operated upon, so there would have to be a trial. A trial to determine whether Taylor was a blasphemous thing ... a misfit that violated the Apes' religion, which stated that all intelligent creatures were created in the Ape-God's image. If found guilty Taylor would be destroyed like some dog. If innocent, Taylor earned it. Zais would figure out some way of knocking him out of the picture, anyway. He would still be a threat.



Now it's Taylor who's got the monkey by the tail on the table of fate is turned on Dr. Zaius.

The trial was a mockery of dignity and justice. Taylor was kept bound and, most of the time... gagged. Unable to say anything in his own defense, constantly assaulted by Apes trying to prove his dangerous, unintelligent or unholy, the astronaut was subjected to the full machinery of Dr. Zaius' attempt at destruction.

The trial ended in the only way possible, with Taylor emerging as a dangerous blasphemy to be destroyed after a few days. It was no shock for

them... scores of Gorilla-police with guns. And, as they became visible around a bend, they saw that Dr. Zaius was with them, too. So Taylor was that important to him!

They had only one chance. If they could wait until the troops came through the narrow road. They would have to ride through single-file, and could be picked off as they came. Cornelius, the Chimpassee scientist, and George Taylor, astronaut from Earth, took their places in the rocks. They had an unexpected and pleasant surprise as Dr. Zaius led the way through the rocks. Taylor leaped and pointed his rifle at the orangutan. Unable to fight because of his age, Zaius calmly raised his hands and surrendered.

Now they had a chance! Dr. Zaius had no wish to die, and because of his rank (he was considered a sort of living god by his fellow Apes) they had something to bargain with.

A strange change came over Dr. Zaius, as he sat tied against a huge rock. He looked at Taylor and, for the first time, they talked as equals. He admitted Taylor's intellect had always been apparent to him, and decided that now the time had come for the truth to be known. Something in his old eyes convinced Taylor the Doctor wasn't bluffing. So Zaius was untied. He led Taylor, Cornelius and Zira up the scaffolding and into the ancient caves.

Torches were lit and placed on the walls, and the dim light from the outside was the rest of the dirt, large chamber. There was clay on the walls, and the excavation had exposed the contours of what had once been... a room. This had once been a house. Not a cave dwelling, but a HOUSE fanned into solid rock and buried under centuries of sediment. They were standing in the living room. The vague outlines of tables and chairs were against the walls, and some scattered pieces of furniture could still be seen. And down in the middle of the room, on the floor, was a doll... a HUMAN doll that said "Mama" when you turned it upside down. Rescued by Zaius and his team of archeologists, the doll proved that, at one time, HUMANS had been the masters. HUMANS spoke and built the houses and kept the apes in cages. Once HUMANS had ruled the planet of the Apes!

OLD APE LEARNS NEW TRICKS

Suddenly Cornelius remembered the old command and the excavations that had been secretly outlined by Zaius. The cave and the hidden quarters were still there, and it was a safe refuge position. They sped toward the cover, untroubled only from a narrow road by the sea.

Then came the headlights, muffed by the sand. There were a lot of

determined to find them. Before he leaves, he takes Zira in his arms and kisses her goodbye. Taylor had gone through his entire adventure believing that Zira had seen him all along as a handsome human being. Now, however, he learns her say "My God, you're ugly!" It's the first laugh he's had on this strange planet. And, though he does not know it, his last laugh, too. For he will shortly learn something incredible.

As Taylor and Nova ride slowly down the beach, he wonders why Zaius had advised him not to search for his fellow humans.

AN UNPLEASANT SURPRISE

Cornelius and Zira watched their friend Taylor round the bend. As he disappeared from view, Zira turned to them and breathed a tired breath and softly said... "He will not like what he finds!"

They Taylor saw it. The rains of... something. Spires protruding from a cliff-side near the sea. Spires on a head of twisted copper. An arm with a hand broken from some huge sculpted body that had long since ceased to exist. The Statue of Liberty!

Earth! "Oh, my God," Taylor screamed, "... what did it... went and killed everything... EVERYTHING!" The world was dead... and now this.

Taylor cried into the sand. He cried for his friends, for his people, for his world. And, because he had no hope of anything anymore, he cried for... himself.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Be sure to tune in next week for further adventures on THE PLANET OF THE APES, with special behind-the-scenes info, makeup secrets, and all the pertinent facts about the intricate production of this earth-shattering flick. And remember: when you're finished with your copy of *TMZ*, pass it along to a friend at the zoo. After all, Apes are only human, too.

Food furnishes are exchanged by Zira, Nova, and Taylor before the humans begin a trek heading away from the Ape metropolis but directly into another unpleasant surprise.



"My God, you're ugly!" exclaims Zira.
"But you sure can look!"

NEXT ISSUE!

GORGO

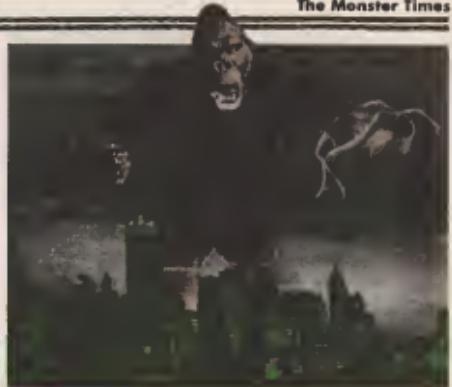
GORGO, that King-sized dinosaur from Great Britain way, tells it like it really is—and he's more fun than a barrel of alligators. You'll see him in action, tearing up whole cities and making himself so unpopular in London town that Big Ben won't even give him the time of day. You'll also hear the big guy's could-could come on Godzilla, Kong, and others currently making the monster scene in our big feature article for next issue.

Do you know there was a film that was shot at the same time as KING KONG, using the same sets, cast, crew and the same fantastic Ms. Barbara moust? Well, she's still alive in the next issue. You'll have all the details in **THE FORTRESS OF MONSTERS—THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME** by game-time monster master Steve Karmas. PLUS, never-before-seen stories by that fabulous new artist, Mike Kaluta.

You read about **PLANET OF THE APES** in the number, friends, but next time **TMT** will take you beyond the screen to tell you about the apes that had making the filim. Who takes japes on who for what? and why, along with rare unpublished photos or all the wild scenes that went on **BEHIND THE PLANET OF THE APES**.

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